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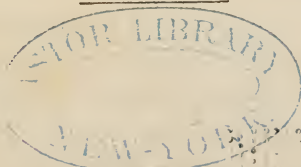
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THE
SPRINGFIELD COLLECTION
OF
HYMNS
FOR
SACRED WORSHIP.

By WILLIAM B. O. PEABODY.



SPRINGFIELD:
PUBLISHED BY SAMUEL BOWLES.
BOSTON: LEONARD C. BOWLES.

1835.

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PREFACE.

THE subscriber offers to the public a collection of Hymns, which he has been preparing for several years. It cannot be said, that a new work of the kind is needed by the churches; this however, has been made with a view to the wants and feelings of the religious society which he serves, and may be acceptable to others, if there are any, whose taste resembles theirs.

The writings of Watts and Doddridge, whose superiority to all others is generally admitted, form the basis of this collection. The subscriber has made no attempt to give the attraction of novelty to his work, since the best hymns are necessarily the most familiar. His object has been to provide, not a book of devotional poetry to be read, but hymns to be sung: to suit them to this purpose, he has abridged many and altered a few: but it will generally be found, that:

what seem like changes, are in fact restorations of hymns to their original form.

The subscriber claims no advantage for his work over the other valuable collections now in use, except the number and variety of hymns for the Lord's Supper. If it should be adopted by any religious societies, beside the one for which it was made, may it aid the spirit of devotion; but if it prove unsuited to this purpose, may it never usurp the place which another would more worthily fill.

W. B. O. P.

Springfield, Feb. 3, 1835.

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PSALMS AND HYMNS.

INTRODUCTION AND CLOSE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

1. C. M.

Blessing of the Sabbath.

- 1 BLESSED day of God ! most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days ;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise.
- 2 My Saviour's face made thee to shine ;
His rising thee did raise ;
And made thee heavenly and divine
Beyond all other days.
- 3 The first fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind ;
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.
- 4 This day I must to God appear ;
For, Lord, the day is thine ;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine.

Codman's Coll.

2. S. M.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 BEHOLD ! the morning sun
Begins his glorious way ;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 But where the Gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light ;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.
- 3 I hear that word with love,
And I would fain obey :
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.
- 4 In every promise, Lord,
O teach our hearts to trust ;
Thy laws are holy, sure thy word,
And all thy judgments just.
- 5 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given ;
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.

Watts.

3. C. M.

The Sabbath of the Soul.

- 1 O FATHER, though the anxious fear
May cloud to-morrow's way,
No fear nor doubt shall enter here,
All shall be thine to-day.

- 2 We will not bring divided hearts
To worship at thy shrine ;
But each unworthy thought departs,
And leaves this temple thine.
- 3 Then sleep to-day, tormenting cares
Of vice and folly born ;
Ye shall not dim the light that streams
From this celestial morn.
- 4 To-morrow will be time enough
To feel your harsh control ;
Ye shall not violate this day,
The Sabbath of the soul.

Mrs. Barbaukl.

4. L. M.

The Pleasure of Worship.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my king,
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast ;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
His works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep his counsels, how divine !
- 4 And I shall share a glorious part
When grace hath well refined my heart ;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
And never break my peace again.

- 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or hoped below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Watts.

5. 7s.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 Now the morning God hath blest
Brings its calm and welcome rest ;
Drive the shades of sin away ;
May we all be thine to-day.
- 2 Banish doubt and clear our sight,
Fill our souls with heavenly light ;
May we stand, and watch, and pray,
In thy service, Lord, to-day.
- 3 Save us from our foes around,
Keep our haughty passions bound ;
Going out and coming in
Guard our souls from every sin.
- 4 When the work of life is past,
O receive us all at last ;
Night and death will be no more
When we reach the heavenly shore.

Episcopal Coll.

6. L. M.

The eternal Sabbath.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath ! hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house ;
And own as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.

- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our laboring souls aspire,
With earnest hope and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, can reach the place ;
No groans, to mingle with the songs
Which warble from immortal tongues.
- 4 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares, to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 5 O, long expected day, begin ;
Dawn on these realms of wo and sin :
Fain would we leave this dreary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

Doddridge.

7. C. M.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 ONCE more, my soul, the chosen day
Salutes thy waking eyes !
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To him who rules the skies.
- 2 Day unto day his name repeats ;
The night renews the sound,
Through all the heaven on which he sits
And rolls the seasons round.
- 3 And we will magnify his name,
Our tongue shall speak his praise,
Whose hand sustains our mortal frame
Through all our passing days.

- 4 My God ! may every hour be thine,
Till all our days are past ;
So shall our sun in peace decline,
And set in smiles at last.

Watts.

8. C. M.

The Sabbath Morning.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O, what a night was that, which wrapped
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this sacred morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

Mrs. Barbauld.

9. S. M.

The Day of Rest happy.

- 1 WELCOME ! sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast
And these rejoicing eyes.

- 2 The King himself comes near
And meets his saints to-day ;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where thou, my God, hast been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

Watts.

10. L. M.

The Sabbath.

- 1 ANOTHER six-days' work is done !
Another Sabbath is begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy its rest,
Improve the day which God hath blest.
- 2 This day, may our devotions rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies,
And Heaven that peace divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it, know.
- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains ;
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy service let the day,
And holy pleasure, pass away ;
And may its hours, to duty given,
Prepare us for the rest of heaven.

J. Stennett.

11. C. M.

Sabbath Morning.

- 1 LORD ! in the morning thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high ;
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye.
- 2 Thou art a God, before whose sight
The wicked shall not stand ;
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
Nor dwell at thy right hand.
- 3 But to thy house will I resort,
And worship in thy fear ;
I will frequent thy holy court
To taste thy mercies there.
- 4 O, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of truth and grace,
And make the path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

Watts.

12. L. M. 6l.

Worship on the Sabbath.

- 1 GREAT God ! this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers :
With joy, we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours ;
O may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.
- 2 All-seeing God ! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore :
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And where thou art, intrude no more :

O may thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above.

- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid thy words, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart ;
Then shall the day indeed be thine :
Our souls shall then adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.
- Episcopal Coll.

13. C. M.

The Lord's Day.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made ;
He calls the hours his own :
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 This day the Saviour left the dead,
And death's dark empire fell ;
This day the saints his triumphs spread
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 4 Hosanna ! in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

Watts.

14. L. M.

Praise to God.

- 1 YE nations round the earth, rejoice
Before the Lord, your sovereign king ;

Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God ! 'tis he alone
Doth life, and breath, and being give ;
We are his work and not our own,
The sheep which on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy ;
With praises to his courts repair ;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thankful honors there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;
Great is his grace, his mercy sure,
And the whole race of man shall find
His truth from age to age endure.

Watts.

15. 8s 7s & 4s.

Thanks for Divine Mercy.

1 KIND Dispenser of each blessing
Which surrounds the human race,
May we, gratefully possessing,
Still adore thy boundless grace.

Halleluiah !

Praise to God, immortal praise.

2 Thus, with humble adoration,
We attend before thy throne,
And with grateful exultation,
Thine abundant mercy own.

Halleluiah !

Praise belongs to thee alone.

3 In thine every dispensation
Love and mercy we descry ;

Thou, the God of our salvation,
To preserve us still art nigh.

Halleluiah !

Glory be to God on high !

Exeter Coll.

16. S. M.

Praise.

1 O, BLESS the Lord, my soul !
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name
Whose favors are divine.

2 O, bless the Lord, my soul ;
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins ;
'Tis he relieves thy pain ;
'Tis he who heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
He ransoms from the grave ;
He, who redeems thy soul from death,
Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the sufferers rest ;
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And justice for the oppressed.

Watts.

17. 6l. L. M.

Praise.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath ;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man, whose hopes rely
On Israel's God, who made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train ;
His truth forever stands secure,
He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind,
The Lord supports the sinking mind,
And gives the troubled conscience peace ;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.

Watts.

18. 8s & 7s.

Universal Praise.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord ! ye heavens, adore him !
Praise him, angels, in the height ;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
- 2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;
Laws which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;
 Never shall his promise fail ;
 God hath made his saints victorious,
 Sin and death shall not prevail.

4 Praise the God of our salvation ;
 Hosts on high his power proclaim ;
 Heaven and earth, and all creation,
 Praise and magnify his name.

Dublin Coll.

19. L. M.

God above all Praise.

- 1 ETERNAL Power ! whose high abode
 Becomes the grandeur of a God !
 Exalted far above the bounds
 Where stars revolve their little rounds ;
- 2 Thy throne is in the dazzling blaze
 Where angels tremble as they gaze ;
 And through the heaven, thy praise is sung
 By the rapt seraph's burning tongue.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do ?
 We would adore our Maker too ;
 Lo ! from the dust to thee we cry,
 The great, the holy, and the high.
- 4 Earth from afar hath heard thy fame,
 And children learned to lisp thy name ;
 But the full glories of thy mind
 Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.

Watts.

20. C. M.

Te Deum.

- 1 O God ! we praise thee, and confess
 That thou the only Lord,

And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

2 To thee all angels cry aloud ;
To thee, the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry,

3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee
The eternal God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

Patrick.

21. L. M.

Praise to God.

1 BLESS, O my soul, the living God !
Call home thy thoughts that roam abroad ;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace !
His favors claim thy highest praise ;
Let not the wonders he has wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot.

3 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains which nature feels ;

Redeems the soul from sin, and saves
Our wasting lives from threatening graves.

- 4 Let the whole earth his power confess ;
Let the whole earth his goodness bless ;
Let all the powers within it, join
In work and worship so divine.

Watts.

22. L. M.

Praise.

- 1 GREAT source of life ! our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace ;
Crowned with thy mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.
- 2 By thee Heaven's shining arch was spread,
By thee were earth's foundations laid,
And all the scenes of man's abode
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God.
- 3 Thy tender hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death ;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.
- 4 And when by thee our souls are led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With joy triumphant shall they move
To scenes of nobler life above.

Doddridge.

23. S. M.

Praise.

- 1 To God, the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,

Let all that live beneath the skies
 Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis his Almighty love,
 His counsel and his care,
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,
 And every fatal snare.

3 He will present our souls
 Unblemished and complete
 Before the glory of his face,
 With joys divinely great.

4 Then all the chosen seed
 Shall meet around the throne ;
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
 And make his wonders known.

5 To our Redeemer, God,
 Wisdom and power belongs ;
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting songs.

Watts.

24. L. M.

Praise.

1 O, COME, loud anthems let ussing,
 Loud thanks to our Almighty King :
 For we our voices high should raise
 When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 The depths of earth are in his hands ;
 The powers of nature he commands ;
 The hill, the vale, the sea, the sky,
 Subjected to his empire lie.

3 O, let us to his courts repair,
 And bow with adoration there ;

For God, the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great.

- 4 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past ;
To him address in joyful songs
The praise that to his name belongs.

Tate & Brady.

25. S. M.

Praise to God.

- 1 My soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercy is so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 4 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 5 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy promised mercy sure.

Watts.

26. 7s.

Praise to God.

- 1 GLORY be to God on high !
God, whose glory fills the sky ;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man, the well beloved of Heaven.
- 2 Favored mortals, raise the song ;
Endless thanks to God belong ;
Hearts o'erflowing with his praise,
Join the hymns your voices raise.
- 3 Call the tribes of beings round,
From creation's utmost bound ;
Where the Godhead shines confessed,
There, be solemn praise addressed.
- 4 Mark the wonders of his hand !
Power, no empire can withstand ;
Wisdom, angels' glorious theme ;
Goodness, one eternal stream.
- 5 Awful Being ! from thy throne
Send thy promised mercy down ;
May thy light, thy truth, thy peace,
Bid our raging passions cease.

J. Taylor.

27. L. M.

Praise.

- 1 BE thou, O God, exalted high ;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

- 2 O God, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent,
Its thankful tribute to present ;
And with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.
- 3 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound,
To all the listening nations round ;
Thy mercy, highest heaven transcends ;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
- 4 Be thou, O God, exalted high ;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.
Tate and Brady.

28. L. M.

Praise to God.

- 1 NATIONS, attend before His throne,
With humble fear, with sacred joy !
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power without our aid
Made us of clay and formed us men ;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care ;
Our souls and all our mortal frame ;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

- 5 Wide as the world is thy command ;
 Vast as eternity thy love,
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand
 When rolling years shall cease to move.
Watts.

29. 7 s.

Praise.

- 1 GLORY to our God on high !
 God, whose glory fills the sky ;
 Lift your voice, ye people all !
 Praise the God on whom you call.
- 2 God, whose wisdom throned on high,
 Built the mansions of the sky ;
 And the orbs that gild the pole
 Bade through boundless ether roll.
- 3 God, who o'er this earthly ball
 Looks with equal eye on all,
 And to every thing which lives,
 Rich supplies of blessings gives.
- 4 Sons of earth, the triumph join,
 Praise him with the host divine ;
 Emulate the heavenly powers ;
 Their all-gracious God is ours.
- 5 Him, whose joy is to restore,
 Him let all our hearts adore ;
 Earth and heaven repeat the cry,
 Glory to our God on high.

Walker's Coll.

30. C. P. M.

The Power and Goodness of God.

- 1 O, COME, and sing your Maker's name ;
With cheerful thanks his praise proclaim,
For ye are all his own ;
All—from the angel to the worm ;
The vernal breeze, the wintry storm,
Confess his power divine.
- 2 His rainbow still proclaims on high,
That mercy, to repentance nigh,
Which never shall abate ;
The morning on the midnight calls,
The day exclaims, till evening falls,
That God is good and great.
- 3 Great, when the thunder rolls along,
Great, in the streams of ocean strong,
The light, the fountains sweet ;
Great God ! if thus thy praises be,
Make this devoted heart to thee
A sanctuary meet.

New York Coll.

31. L. M.

Praise.

- 1 NATURE with all her powers shall sing
God, the Creator and the King ;
Nor air nor earth, nor skies nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.
- 2 Begin to make his glories known,
Ye seraphs, who sit near his throne ;
Tune your harps high, and spread the sound
To the creation's utmost bound

3 All mortal things of meaner frame,
Exert your force and own his name ;
While, with our heart and with our voice,
We sing his honors and our joys.

4 Yet, mighty God ! our feeble frame
Attempts in vain to reach thy name ;
The loftiest notes that angels raise,
Faint in the worship and the praise.

Watts.

32. L. M.

Praise to God.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord ! 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise ;
His nature and his works unite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames ;
He knows their numbers and their names ;
His wisdom 's vast and knows no bound,
A deep, where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole ;
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And lifts the lowly from the dust.

4 His saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight ;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

Watts.

33. 7s.

Adoration.

- 1 GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring
While Jehovah's praise we sing ;
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored.
- 2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear
Deign our humble praise to hear ;
Purer strains we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.
- 3 While on earth ordained to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way,
Till we come to reign with thee,
And thy glorious greatness see.
- 4 Then with angels, we'll again
Wake a purer, nobler strain,
There in joyful songs of praise,
Our exulting voices raise.
- 5 There no tongue shall silent be,
All shall join in harmony,
And to heaven's remotest bound
Everlasting praises sound.

Salisbury Coll.

34. 10s & 11s.

Te Deum.

- 1 How can we adore, or worthily praise,
Thy goodness and power, thou God of all grace ?
With honor and blessing, before thee we fall,
Most gladly confessing thee—Father of all.

- 2 The heaven and the earth, the water and air,
To thee owe their birth—subsist by thy care ;
While angels are singing thy praises above,
We mortals are bringing our tribute of love.
- 3 How wondrous thy grace, to send from on high
To save our lost race, the Saviour to die ;
Invested with glory, on high thou dost sit,
While angels adoring, bow down at thy feet.
- 4 How soon will thy seat of judgment appear !
Prepare us to meet, and welcome thee there ;
The witnessing spirit in all shed abroad,
And bid us inherit the kingdom of God.

Dyer's Coll.

35. S. M.

Praise to God.

- 1 COME ! sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing ;
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound :
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come ! worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord :
We are his work and not our own ;
He formed us by his word.
- 4 To-day, attend his voice ;
No more provoke his rod :
Come like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

Watts.

36. L. M.

Praise to God.

- 1 God, in his earthly temples, lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise ;
And loves to see that worship rise,
Which forms his offspring for the skies.
 - 2 His mercy visits every house
That pays its night and morning vows ;
But makes a more delightful stay,
Where churches meet to praise and pray.
 - 3 There let the church rejoice and sing
The hill where living waters spring ;
Angels his heavenly wonders show,
And saints shall praise him here below.
 - 4 He guides their footsteps lest they stray,
He feeds and clothes them all their way ;
He guards them with a powerful hand,
And brings them to the heavenly land.
- Watts.

37. L. M.

Praise to God.

- 1 THE Almighty reigns ! exalted high,
Above the earth, above the sky :
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.
- 2 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord ;
None but the souls that feel his grace,
Can stand with joy before his face.

- 3 O ye who love his holy name,
 Hate every work of sin and shame ;
 He guards the souls of all his friends,
 And from the snares of death defends.
- 4 Immortal light and joys unknown
 Are for the saints in darkness sown ;
 Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
 And the glad harvest bless their eyes.

Watts.

38. P. M.

Invocation.

- 1 COME, thou Almighty King !
 Help us thy name to sing,
 Help us to praise :
 Father all glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of days !
- 2 Come, thou all-gracious Lord !
 By heaven and earth adored,
 Our prayer attend :
 Come, and thy children bless,
 Give thy good word success,
 Make thine own holiness
 On us descend.
- 3 Never from us depart ;
 Rule thou in every heart,
 Hence, evermore !
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And through eternity
 Love and adore.

Anon.

39. L. M.

The fear of God.

- 1 GREAT author of all nature's frame,
Holy and reverend is thy name ;
Against thee who shall lift his hand ?
Before thy terrors who can stand ?
- 2 But blest are they, O gracious Lord,
Who fear thy name and keep thy word ;
Thy wisdom guides, thy power defends
Their life, till life its journey ends.
- 3 O that my soul, with awful sense
Of thy transcendent excellence,
May close the day, the day begin,
Watchful against each darling sin.
- 4 Never, O never from my heart
May this great principle depart ;
But act with unabating power
Within me, to my latest hour.

Scott.

40. S. M.

A blessing on the Church implored.

- 1 To bless thy chosen race
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.
- 2 Thus may thy wondrous way
Throughout the earth be known,
Till distant lands their tribute pay,
And all thy glory own.

- 3 Then all the desert plains
Shall blossom as the rose,
Reviving in the gentle rains
Which God, our God, bestows.
- 4 Then God, on every land
Shall constant mercies shower,
And the whole earth in awe shall stand
Of his resistless power.
- 5 Let all the nations join
To celebrate thy fame,
And the wide world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

Tate and Brady.

41. L. M.

Divine light implored.

- 1 O SOURCE of uncreated light !
By whom the worlds were raised from night,
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.
- 2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.
- 3 Thrice holy fount ! thrice holy fire !
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Our frailties help, our hearts control,
Subdue the senses to the soul.
- 4 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And, lest our feet from wisdom stray,
Protect and guide us in our way.

Dryden.

42. C. M.

The Divine Presence implored.

- 1 **ARISE**, O King of grace, arise !
And enter to thy rest ;
Lo, thy church waits with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.
- 2 Enter, with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word ;
All that the ark did once contain,
Could no such grace afford.
- 3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread :
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.
- 4 Establish here thy lasting throne,
And as thy kingdom grows,
May honor all thy servants crown,
And shame subdue thy foes.

Watts.

43. 7s.

Supplication.

- 1 **COME**, my soul ! thy suit prepare ;
God delights to answer prayer :
Thou art coming to thy king ;
Large petitions with thee bring.
- 2 Lord, I come to thee for rest ;
Take possession of my breast :
There thy sacred right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

- 3 As the image in the glass
Answers to the gazer's face,
Thus unto my heart appear,
Printing thy resemblance there.
- 4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
Be my guard, my guide and friend,
To my earthly journey's end.

Olney Hymns.

44. L. M.

Mercy implored.

- 1 O, RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Hath stood, and shall forever last.
- 2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only great but numberless ?
What mortal eloquence can raise
A tribute worthy of his praise ?
- 3 Happy are they and only they
Who never from thy precepts stray ;
Who know the right, nor only so,
But always practise what they know.
- 4 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win
Must with the fear of God begin ;
Immortal praise and heavenly skill
Have they who know and do his will.
- 5 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
That I the sacred band may join
And count their every blessing mine.

Tate and Brady.

45. C. M.

Homage and Devotion.

- 1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.
- 2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's Almighty King ;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 Thee we adore ; and, Lord, to thee
Our filial duty pay ;
Our service, unconstrained and free,
We offer up to-day.
- 4 With fervor teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing ;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

Jervis.

46. 7s.

Prayer for the Divine Presence.

- 1 GRACIOUS Father, now appear !
Shine upon us with thy light ;
Like the spring, when thou art near
Days and suns are doubly bright.
- 2 Never be thy light withdrawn ;
May it cheer us late and long ;
Thus we pray at early dawn,
This shall be our evening song.

As the mother counts the days
 Till her absent son she see,
 Longs and watches, weeps and prays,
 So the mourner longs for thee.

- 4 Come, and let us feel thee nigh ;
 Let the hours of sorrow cease ;
 If thou bless us from on high,
 Then thy sheep shall rest in peace.
Olney Hymns.

47. L. M.

Worship.

- 1 GREAT God ! attend, while Zion sings
 The joy that from thy presence springs ;
 To spend one day with thee, on earth,
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.
- 2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
 Within thy house, O God of grace,
 Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power
 Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.
- 3 God is our sun—he makes our day ;
 God is our shield—he guards our way ;
 All needful grace he will bestow,
 And crown that grace with glory too.
- 4 O God ! our king, whose sovereign sway
 The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
 Thy willing servants may we be,
 For blest are they who trust in thee.
Watts.

48. L. M.

Divine Presence in Worship.

- 1 FATHER, where'er thy people meet,
 There they behold thy mercy seat ;

Where'er they seek thee thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And take thee with them to their home.

3 Great Shepherd of thy faithful few,
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

4 Here may we prove the power of prayer
To strengthen hope and lighten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Cowper.

49. L. M.

Public Worship.

1 AWAY from every mortal care—
From this world's worthless joys afar—
Away from earth our souls retreat,
And wait and worship near thy feet.

2 Within the temple of thy grace
We bow before our Father's face ;
Thy grace and glory we adore,
And learn the wonders of thy power.

3 Here, when our spirit faints and dies,
And tears are starting to our eyes,
The sun of mercy upward springs
With healing beams beneath his wings.

- 4 Father, our souls would still abide
 Within thy temple, near thy side ;
 But if our feet must hence depart,
 Still keep thy dwelling in our heart.

Watts.

50. H. M.

Desire of Worship.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above !
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples, are ;
 To thine abode | With warm desires
 My heart aspires, | To see my God.
- 2 O happy souls, that pray
 Where God appoints to hear ;
 O happy men, that pay
 Their constant service there.
 They praise thee still, | Who love the way
 And happy they | To Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 And each in heaven appears.
 Thrice happy he, | Whose spirit trusts
 O God of hosts, | Alone in thee.

Watts.

51. S. M.

Invitation to the House of God.

- 1 COME to the house of prayer,
 O thou afflicted, come :
 The God of peace will meet thee there,
 He makes that house his home.

- 2 Come to the house of praise,
Ye who are happy now ;
In sweet accord your voices raise,
In kindred homage bow.
- 3 Ye aged, hither come,
For ye have felt his love ;
Soon shall your trembling tongues be dumb,
Your lips forget to move.
- 4 Ye youths, before his throne,
Come, bow ; your voices raise ;
Let not your hearts his praise disown
Who gives the power to praise.
- 5 Thou, whose benignant eye
In mercy looks on all,
Who seest the tear of misery,
And hear'st the mourner's call,
- 6 Up to thy dwelling-place
Bear our frail spirits on,
Till they outstrip time's lingering pace,
And heaven on earth be won.

E. Taylor.

52. C. M.

Public Worship.

- 1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
“In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day.”
- 2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands, like a palace, built for God
To show his milder face.

- 3 Peace be within this sacred place ;
And joy a constant guest :
With holy gifts and heavenly grace,
Be her attendants blessed.
- 4 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
Where God, my Saviour, reigns.

Watts.

53. S. M.

Heavenly joy.

- 1 COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God ;
But children of the heavenly king
Should speak their joys abroad.
- 3 This awful God is ours !
Our portion and our love ;
He will send down his heavenly powers
To bear our souls above.
- 4 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

54. C. M.

Pleasure of Worship.

- 1 O T'WAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the temple haste,
And keep the solemn day :
- 2 For there, by his divine command,
The sons of God repair,
To celebrate his glorious name,
And offer praise and prayer.
- 3 May peace within these sacred walls
A constant guest be found ;
And calm prosperity and joy
Through all thy courts abound.
- 4 May everlasting peace be thine ;
And happy may they be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

Tate and Brady.

55. P. M.

Public Worship.

- 1 How pleased and blessed was I
To hear the people cry,
Come, let us seek our God to-day ;
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place !
Adorned with wondrous grace,
With walls of strength embraced around ;

In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest ;
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

Watts.

56. L. M.

The pleasure of Worship.

- 1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of Hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assembly of thy saints.
- 2 Blest are the saints, who sit on high,
Around thy throne of majesty ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.
- 3 Blest are the souls, that find a place
Within the temples of thy grace ;
Beholding there thy gentler rays,
They seek thy face and learn thy praise.
- 4 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Watts.

57. L. M.

Praise.

- 1 COME, let our voices join to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise ;
God is a sovereign King ! rehearse
His honors in exalted verse.
- 2 Come, let us hear his voice to-day ;
The counsels of his love obey ;
He is our shepherd, we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.
- 3 Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who formed our natures by his word ;
Attend the offered grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessing by delay.
- 4 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heavenly gates :
Believe—and take the promised rest ;
Obey—and be forever blest.

Watts.

58. L. M.

Morning or Evening Worship.

- 1 My God, accept my early vows,
Like morning incense in thy house ;
And let my nightly worship rise
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.
- 2 Angels, who make thy church their care,
Shall witness my devotion there ;
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.

- 3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
 I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;
 Thy words my fainting soul revive,
 And keep my dying faith alive.
- 4 With all my powers of heart and tongue,
 I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song, and join the praise.
- Watts.

59. 8s & 7s.

Peace and Pardon.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating—
 Sordid hopes and fond desires ;
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
 Every heart to heaven aspires ;
 From the fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes ;
 Mercy from above proclaiming
 Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 2 Who may share that great salvation ?
 Every pure and humble mind ;
 Every kindred, tongue and nation,
 From the dross of guilt refined.
 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none ;
 Grace and love are ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.
- 3 Every stain of guilt deploring,
 Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
 Still thy providence adoring,
 Faithful to thy holy laws—

Lord, with favor still attend us,
Bless us with thy wondrous love,
Thou, our Sun and Shield, defend us ;
All our hope is from above.

J. Taylor.

60. C. M.

Reverence in Worship.

- 1 WITH reverence let the saints appear,
And bow before the Lord ;
His high commands with reverence hear,
And tremble at his word.
- 2 How terrible thy glories are !
How bright thine armies shine !
What glory may with thine compare !
What power can rival thine !
- 3 The northern pole, and southern, rest
On thy supporting hand ;
Darkness and day from east to west
Move round at thy command.
- 4 Thy words the raging winds control,
And rule the boisterous deep ;
Thou makest the sleeping billows roll,
The rolling billows sleep.
- 5 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
Yet boundless is thy grace ;
And truth and mercy, joined in one,
Invite us near thy face.

Watts.

61. L. M.

The only living and true God.

- 1 ETERNAL God ! almighty cause
Of earth and seas, and worlds unknown ;
All things are subject to thy laws ;
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands
Of all within itself possessed ;
By none controlled in thy commands,
And in thyself completely blessed.
- 3 Thine be our hearts, and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live ;
Worship to thee alone belongs,
Worship to thee alone we give.
- 4 Spread thy great name through every land ;
In every heart erect thy throne ;
Subdue the world to thy command,
And as thou art, reign, God alone.

Browne.

62. C. M.

Formal worship, vain.

- 1 God is a Spirit, just and wise ;
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our hearts behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth, before his throne
With honor can appear ;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Wherein no heart is found.

- 4 Lord, search our thoughts, and try our ways,
And make our souls sincere ;
Then shall we stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

Watts.

63. C. M.

God the only Object of Worship.

- 1 O God, our strength, to thee the song
With grateful hearts we raise ;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.
- 2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour
Thine ear hath heard our prayer ;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.
- 3 And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If meekly hearkening to thy word
We haste to do thy will.
- 4 Led by the light thy grace imparts,
We would not bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee.

Spirit of the Psalms.

64. 8s and 7s.

Close of Divine Service.

- 1 PRAISE to Him by whose kind favor,
Heavenly truth has reached our ears ;
May its sweet reviving savor
Fill our hearts and calm our fears.

- 2 Truth ! how sacred is the treasure !
Teach us, Lord, its worth to know ;
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure,
Which from other sources flow.
- 3 What of truth we have been hearing,
Fix, O Lord, in every heart ;
In the day of thy appearing,
May we share thy people's part.
- 4 Till we leave this world forever,
May we live beneath thine eye ;
This our aim, our sole endeavor,
Thine to live and thine to die.

Percy Street Coll.

65. C. M.

Close of the Evening Service.

- 1 Soon will our fleeting hours be past ;
And as the setting sun
Sinks downward in the radiant west,
Our parting beams be gone.
- 2 May He from whom all blessings flow,
Our sacred rites attend,
Uniting all in wisdom's ways,
Till life's short journey end ;
- 3 And as the rapid sands run down,
Our virtue still improve,
Till each receive the glorious crown
Of never-fading love.

Kippis' Coll.

66. 8s.

Close of Service.

- 1 FATHER ! bless thy word to all ;
Quick and powerful may it prove ;
O, may sinners hear thy call,
May thy people grow in love.
- 2 Father ! bid the world rejoice ;
Send thy heavenly truth abroad ;
May the nations hear thy voice,
Hear it, and return to God.

67. 8s & 7s.

Dismission Hymn.

- 1 LORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above ;
Let us each, thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

68. 7s.

Dismission Hymn.

- 1 GLORIOUS in thy saints appear ;
Plant thy heavenly kingdom here ;
Shine in each believing heart,
Light and life to all impart.
- 2 Then, in every grace complete,
Make us, Lord, for glory meet ;
Till we stand before thy sight,
Partners of the saints in light.

69. C. M.

The close of Service.

- 1 AGAIN our ears have heard the voice
Which makes the dying live ;
O may the sound our hearts rejoice,
And strength immortal give.
- 2 And have we heard the word with joy ?
And have we felt its power ?
To keep it be our blest employ
To life's extremest hour.

Montgomery.

DIVINE PROVIDENCE AND PERFECTION.

70. L. M.

God our Father.

- 1 Is there a lone and dreary hour
When worldly pleasures lose their power ?
My Father ! let me fly to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.
- 2 Is there a time of racking grief
That scorns the prospect of relief ?
My Father ! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid my heart its calm resume.
- 3 Is there an hour of peace and joy
When hope is all my soul's employ ?
My Father ! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.
- 4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene ;
The glow of life, the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and power.

Mrs. Gilman.

71. L. M.

God the Father of our spirits.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and thought,
Be all beneath thyself forgot,
While thee, great Parent-mind we own,
In prostrate homage round thy throne.

- 2 While in themselves our spirits see
Some faint reflected rays of thee,
They, wondering, to their Father rise ;
His power how vast, his thoughts how wise !
- 3 O, may our souls accepted stand
Beneath our Heavenly Father's hand—
That gentle hand, so long our joy,
And never lifted to destroy.
- 4 And may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace ;
And through the path of duty move,
With filial awe and filial love.

Doddridge.

72. L. M.

The numberless Mercies of God.

- 1 IN glad amazement, Lord, I stand
Amid the bounties of thy hand ;
How numberless those bounties are ;
How rich, how various, and how fair !
- 2 But O, what poor returns of praise,
What lifeless thanks my heart repays ;
Lord, I confess with humble shame,
My offerings scarce deserve the name.
- 3 Fain would my laboring heart devise
To bring some nobler sacrifice ;
It sinks beneath the mighty load ;
What shall I render to my God ?
- 4 In deep abasement, Lord, I see
The poor returns I make to thee ;
Enrich my soul with grace divine,
And make it worthier to be thine.

Doddridge.

73. C. M.

Blessings of Providence.

- 1 ALMIGHTY FATHER ! gracious Lord !
Kind guardian of our days !
Thy mercies let our hearts record
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, our tender frame
Was thy indulgent care ;
Long ere we could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe our infant prayer.
- 3 When reason with our stature grew,
How weak its brightest ray !
How little of our God we knew !
How apt from thee to stray !
- 4 Lord ! when this mortal frame decays,
And every weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And take us to the skies.
- 5 Then shall our joyful powers unite
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

Mrs. Steele.

74. L. M.

Universal Providence.

- 1 THE earth, and all the heavenly frame,
Their great Creator's love proclaim ;
He gives the sun his genial power,
And sends the soft, refreshing shower.

- 2 The earth with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men ;
To men, who from thy bounteous hand
Receive the gifts of every land.
- 3 Nor to the race of man alone
Is thy paternal goodness shown ;
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,
Enjoy thy universal care.
- 4 Not even a sparrow yields his breath
Till God permits the stroke of death :
He hears the ravens when they call,—
The Father and the Friend of all.

Gibbons.

75. L. M.

Temporal Blessings.

- 1 WE bless the Lord ! the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food,
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And crowns our days with rich supplies.
- 2 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death :
Safety and health to God belong—
He heals the weak and guards the strong.
- 3 The widow and the fatherless
Fly to his aid in their distress ;
He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
And prisoners see the light again.
- 4 Sing to his name ! ye sons of grace ;
Ye saints, rejoice before his face ;
He's your defence, your joy, your rest ;
Proclaim him king, pronounce him blest.

Watts.

76. L. M.

Divine Goodness.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT, Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains ;
And its full streams of mercy flow
Round the abodes of men below.
- 2 The cares of Providence are thine ;
Through nature's works its glories shine,
But grace erects, within our frame,
A fairer temple to thy name.
- 3 O, give to every human heart
To taste and feel how good thou art ;
With grateful heart and fervent prayer,
To know how blest thy children are.
- 4 Ye saints, with joy the theme pursue ;
Its sweetest notes belong to you,
Chosen, by your condescending King,
Forever round his throne to sing.

Doddridge.

77. C. M.

The Goodness of God.

- 1 SWEET is the memory of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King ;
Let age to age, thy righteousness
In songs of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high, but ne'er confines
His goodness to the skies ;
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eyes, thy creatures wait
On thee for daily food ;

Thy liberal hand provides their meat,
And fills them all with good.

- 4 Creatures, through all their endless race,
Thy power and praise proclaim ;
But those who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

Watts.

78. L. M.

Divine Goodness.

- 1 YE sons of men ! with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord ;
And let his power and goodness sound
Through all your tribes the earth around.
- 2 Let the high heavens your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of living light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars that glow from pole to pole.
- 3 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns ;
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 4 But there's a brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns the God of love ;
That theme demands an angel's lay,
And fills a never-ending day.

Doddridge.

79. C. M.

Increasing Goodness of God.

- 1 JEHOVAH God ! thy gracious power
On every hand we see ;

O may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will here our footsteps lead,
Thy love, our path surround.

3 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of Heaven we see ;
And all the blessings we receive
Descend, O God, from thee.

5 In all the varying scenes of Time,
On thee our hopes depend ;
Through every age, in every clime,
Our Father, and our Friend !

Thomson.

80. C. M.

Divine Goodness inexhaustible.

1 OUR souls with pleasing wonder view
The bounties of thy grace ;
How much bestowed, how much reserved
For them that seek thy face.

2 Thy liberal hand with worldly bliss
Oft makes their cup run o'er ;
And in the covenant of thy love
They find diviner store.

- 3 Here mercy hides their many sins ;
 Here love their hearts renews ;
 Here thy own reconciled face
 Doth heavenly beams diffuse.
- 4 But oh ! what pleasures yet unknown
 In heaven their eyes shall see ;
 If such the enjoyments of the way,
 How blest the home must be !
- Doddridge.

81. C. M.

Universal Goodness of God.

- 1 LORD ! thou art good ; all nature shows
 Its mighty author kind ;
 Thy bounty through creation flows,
 Full, free, and unconfined.
- 2 The whole and every part proclaims
 Thine infinite good-will ;
 It shines in stars, it flows in streams,
 And bursts from every hill.
- 3 It fills the wide extended main,
 And heavens that spread more wide ;
 It drops in gentle showers of rain,
 And rolls in every tide.
- 4 Through the vast whole it pours supplies
 Of joy in every part ;
 O may such love attract the eye,
 And captivate the heart ;
- 5 Our highest admiration raise,
 Our kind affections move ;
 Employ our tongues in songs of praise,
 And fill our hearts with love.

Browne.

82. L. M.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 OUR shepherd is the living Lord !
Our numerous wants are well supplied ;
His providence and holy word
Are all our safety and our guide.
- 2 He makes us feed, he makes us rest,
In pastures where salvation grows ;
The food is all divinely blest,
And living water gently flows.
- 3 Amid the desert and the deep
He is our comfort, he our stay ;
His staff supports our weary step,
His rod directs our doubtful way.
- 4 And when we wander through the vale
Where death and all its terrors are,
Our heart and hope shall never fail,
For God, our Shepherd, guards us there.
Watts.

83. C. M.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
The Shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.
- 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose ;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

- 3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
 And, to his endless praise,
 Instructs with humble zeal to walk
 In his most holy ways.
- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death
 From fear and danger free ;
 For there his aiding rod and staff
 Defend and comfort me.
- 5 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
 Through all my life extend,
 That life to him I will devote,
 And in his service spend.

Tate and Brady.

84. L. M. 6 l.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye :
 My noonday walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wandering steps he leads,
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in a bare and rugged way
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile ;
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden green and herbage crowned,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

- 4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still.
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Addison.

85. S. M.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 THE Lord my shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied ;
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows ;
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me in his own right way,
For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
I cannot yield to fear ;
Though I should walk through death's dark
shade,
My Shepherd's with me there.

Watts.

86. L. M.

Divine Omnipresence.

- 1 O God, within thy power I stand,
On every side I feel thy hand ;
O Power, for mortal reach too high !
Too dazzling for the mortal eye.

- 2 And could I so perfidious be
 As think of once deserting thee,
 Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun ?
 Or whither from thy presence run ?
- 3 If I should take the morning's wings,
 And fly where first the day-break springs,
 Thy presence, Lord, would follow where
 The winds could waft, or waters bear.
- 4 Or should I try to shun thy sight
 Beneath the sable folds of night,
 One glance from thee, one piercing ray
 Would kindle darkness into day.
- 5 O thou, who seest the heart as soon
 At midnight as the blaze of noon,
 Reclaim me when I go astray,
 And guide me in the heavenward way.
- Tate and Brady.

87. C. M.

God's Omnipresence.

- 1 **THE** Lord our God is Lord of all !
 His station who can find ?
 I hear him in the waterfall !
 I hear him in the wind !
- 2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
 His face I cannot fly ;
 I see him in the morning cloud
 And in the midnight sky.
- 3 He lives, he reigns in every land,
 From winter's polar snows,
 To where, across the burning sand,
 The blasting meteor glows.

4 He smiles, we live ; he frowns, we die ;
We hang upon his word ;
He rears his red right arm on high,
And ruin bares the sword.

5 He bids his gales the field deform,
Then when his thunders cease,
Sits like an angel in the storm,
And smiles the winds to peace.

Kirke White.

88. C. M.

Omnipresence of God.

1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest ;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're formed within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 Oh ! wondrous knowledge, deep and high !
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee ;
Oh may I ne'er offend that power
From which I cannot flee.

Watts.

89. L. M.

Omniscience of God.

- 1 LORD, thou hast searched, and seen me through ;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.
- 3 Within thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge ! vast and great !
What large extent, what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

Watts.

90. C. M.

Omniscience of God.

- 1 KEEP silence, all created things !
And wait your Maker's nod ;
My soul stands trembling while she sings
The honors of her God.
- 2 Life, death and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.

- 3 His providence unfolds its page,
And there his wonders shine ;
Each opening leaf, in every age,
Fulfil some kind design.
- 4 My God! I would not wish to see
My fate with curious eyes ;
What cares and sorrows wait for me,
Or what bright prospects rise.
- 5 In the fair book of life and grace,
O, may I find my name
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord, the Lamb.

Watts.

91. C. M.

Wisdom of God.

- 1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To our almighty God ;
Be his our heart, and his our tongue,
To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand hath wrought !
How glorious in our sight !
Good men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.
- 3 How beautiful is nature's frame !
How wise the eternal mind !
His counsels never change the scheme
Which his first thoughts designed.
- 4 Nature, and time, and earth, and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim :
What shall we do to make us wise
But learn to read thy name ?

Watts.

92. 7s.

Divine Presence.

- 1 THEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in every place ;
If we love a life of prayer,
God is present every where.
- 2 In our sickness or in health,
In our want or in our wealth,
If we look to God in prayer,
God is present every where.
- 3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest prayer,
God is present every where.
- 4 Then, my soul, in every strait
To thy Father come and wait ;
He will answer every prayer,
God is present every where.

Methodist Coll.

93. L. M.

Trust in God alone.

- 1 MY spirit looks to God alone ;
My rock and refuge are his throne ;
In all my fears, in all my straits,
My soul for his salvation waits.
- 2 Trust him, ye saints, in all his ways,
Pour out your souls before his face ;
When helpers fail and foes invade,
God is our all-sufficient aid.
- 3 Make not increasing gold your trust ;
Set not your hearts upon the dust :

Why will you grasp the fleeting shade,
And not believe what God hath said ?

- 4 Once has his awful voice declared,
Once and again our ears have heard,
All power is his eternal due,
And man must fear and trust him too.

Watts.

94. C. M.

Divine Faithfulness.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing ;
The mighty works or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

- 2 Proclaim salvation from the Lord
For wretched, dying men ;
His hand hath written all his word
With an immortal pen.

- 3 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines ;
Nor can the powers of darkness rase
The everlasting lines.

- 4 O, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands ;
Show me some promise in thy book
Where my salvation stands.

- 5 Then all the glories of my God
My joyful voice shall sing ;
And call the nations to adore
Their Father and their King.

Watts.

95. L. M.

The Divine Benignity.

- 1 How well our great Preserver knows
To weigh and to relieve our woes !
And whom like Him shall mortals find,
Forever good, forever kind ?
- 2 Grief for a night, unwelcome guest,
Beneath our roof may chance to rest ;
But joy, with the returning day,
Shall dry the transient tear away.
- 3 His promise, truth eternal guides,
And mercy o'er each act presides ;
His strength the fainting spirit cheers,
And checks our griefs and calms our fears.
- 4 Thee will we bless, our God, our King !
And never will we cease to sing
The mercy shown us from above,
The wonders of redeeming love.

Merrick.

96. S. M.

Divine Condescension.

- 1 O Lord, our heavenly king,
Thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread ;
And o'er the heavens they shine.
- 2 When to thy works on high,
I raise my wondering eyes ;
And see the moon in brightness walk
Across the kindling skies ;

- 3 When I behold the stars,
Those radiant files of light ;
Lord ! what is man, and all his power,
To thy resistless might ?
- 4 Lord, what is worthless man !
That thou shouldst love him so ;
Next to thine angels he is placed,
And lord of all below.
- 5 How rich thy bounties are ;
How wondrous are thy ways ;
Thus from decaying dust to form
A monument of praise.

Watts.

97. S. M.

Divine Mercy.

- 1 THY mercy and thy love,
O Lord, recal to mind ;
And graciously continue still
As thou wert ever, kind.
- 2 To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way ;
May I thy holy will regard,
And seek thee all the day.
- 3 His mercy and his truth
Our gracious Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.
- 4 He guides in kindness all
Who his direction seek,
And with his arm of power sustains
The humble and the meek.

- 5 Through all the ways of God
 Both truth and mercy shine,
 To men whose undivided hearts
 To his blest will incline.

Tate and Brady.

98. L. M.

Mercy of God.

- 1 THE Lord ! How wondrous are his ways !
 How firm his truth ! how large his grace !
 He takes his mercy for his throne,
 And thence he makes his glories known.
- 2 High as his glorious power has spread
 The starry heavens above our head,
 Our Father's love exceeds our praise,
 And all the highest hopes we raise.
- 3 How slowly doth his wrath arise !
 On swifter wings salvation flies ;
 The mighty God, the wise, the just,
 Remembers that our frame is dust.
- 4 While weary mortals die as soon
 As morning flowers which fade at noon,
 From age to age his love shall reign,
 Nor children's children trust in vain.

Watts.

99. S. M.

Divine Favor and Forgiveness.

- 1 I LIFT my soul to God ;
 My trust is in his name ;
 With my whole heart I'll raise my song,
 Thy wonders to proclaim.

- 2 From the first dawning light
Till the dark evening rise,
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait,
With ever-longing eyes.
- 3 Remember all thy grace,
And lead me in thy truth ;
Forgive the sins of riper age,
And follies of my youth.
- 4 The Lord is just and kind ;
The meek shall learn his ways ;
And every humble sinner find
The methods of his grace.
- 5 For his own goodness' sake
He saves my soul from shame ;
And pardons, though my guilt be great,
Through my Redeemer's name.

Watts.

100. L. M.

God waiting to be gracious.

- 1 WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope,
And let his word sustain your soul ;
Well can he bear your courage up,
And all your fears and foes control.
- 2 He waits his own well-chosen hour,
His promised mercy to display ;
And his paternal bosom melts
While wisdom dictates the delay.
- 3 Blest are the humble souls that wait
With sweet submission to his will ;
Harmonious all their passions move,
And in the midst of storms are still

- 4 They bow submissive to the rod,
Their hearts with holy firmness glow ;
A promised heaven, a present God,
Forbid their rising tears to flow.
- Doddridge.

101. S. M.

Divine Grace.

- 1 Now to that sovereign grace
Whence all our comforts spring,
Let all our blest and favored race
Their cheerful praises bring.
- 2 Grace first designed a way
To save unworthy man,
And all the steps that grace display
That drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught our wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour we need,
When pressing on to God.
- 4 Lord, may this matchless grace,
Which all thy children see,
Make us, of all thy creatures, prove
Forever true to thee.
- 5 Sacred to thee alone
Be all these powers of mine ;
Then, in the noblest sense, my own,
When most entirely thine.
- Doddridge.

102. L. M.

Divine Protection.

- 1 UP to the hills I lift mine eyes,
The eternal hills, above the skies ;
Thence all her help my soul derives,
There, my almighty Refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, the everlasting God,
Who built the world, who spread the flood ;
The heavens, with all their hosts, he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.
- 3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the evening veil, to keep
The silence while his children sleep.
- 4 Our spirits, thus divinely blest,
May rise secure, securely rest,
Safe in the Lord, whose heavenly care
Defends our lives from every snare.

Watts.

103. C. M.

Divine Care.

- 1 YE heavens ! send forth your song of praise ;
Earth, raise thy voice below !
Let vales and mountains join the hymn,
And joy through nature flow.
- 2 Behold ! how gentle is our God !
And hear the lovely strain
With which he wakes the sinking heart
To life and peace again.

- 3 Thus when the days of darkness come,
 We need not sadly mourn,
 As if the Lord could leave us here,
 Forsaken and forlorn.
- 4 Can the fond mother e'er forget
 The infant whom she bore ?
 She may forget—its cries may move
 A parent's heart no more :
- 5 But God shall hear the lightest prayer
 His children breathe below ;
 The fountains of immortal love
 Shall never cease to flow.

Scotch Paraph.

104. L. M.

The Greatness of God.

- 1 My God ! my king ! thy various praise
 Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
 Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 The wings of every hour shall bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear ;
 And every setting sun shall see
 New works of duty done for thee.
- 3 Let distant times and nations raise
 The long succession of thy praise,
 And unborn ages make my song
 The joy and labor of their tongue.
- 4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways—
 Vast and immortal be thy praise.

Watts.

105. L. M.

God our Preserver.

- 1 GREAT God ! we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported, still we stand ;
The opening year thy bounty shows,
Thy mercy crowns it to its close.
 - 2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.
 - 3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
To thee commit with humble prayer,
And banish every anxious care.
 - 4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Thou art our joy, and thou our rest ;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.
- Doddridge.

106. C. M.

God our constant Support.

- 1 IN all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 His mercy let the mourner tell ;
Till all that are distressed
From his example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

- 3 To Him who dries all tears away,
'Tis just that man should raise
The offering of a grateful heart,
And echo all his praise.
- 4 He knows the sorrows of our heart,
He hears us when we pray ;
And never from a suppliant turns
His glorious face away.
- 5 O God, whom heavenly hosts obey !
How highly blessed is he,
Who rests his sorrows, hopes and joys,
And all his heart, on thee.
- Tate and Brady.

107. C. M.

God our Support.

- 1 I SET the Lord before my face ;
He bears my spirit up ;
My heart and tongue their joy express,
My flesh shall rest in hope.
- 2 God is my portion and my joy ;
His love is my delight ;
He gives sweet counsel all the day,
And gentle dreams by night.
- 3 He will reveal the paths of life
That lead us to his throne ;
His courts immortal pleasure give,
His presence, joy unknown.
- 4 My soul would all her thoughts approve
To his all-seeing eye ;
Nor life, nor death, my heart can move,
While such a friend is nigh.

Watts.

108. C. M.

God our Deliverer.

- 1 Look back, my soul, with grateful love,
On what thy God has done ;
Praise him for his unnumbered gifts,
And praise him for his Son.
- 2 How oft hath his indulgent hand
My flowing eyelids dried ;
And saved me from impending death,
When I in danger cried.
- 3 When on the bed of pain I lay,
With sickness sore oppressed,
How oft hath he assuaged my grief,
And lulled my eyes to rest.
- 4 He will in his appointed hour
Those bright abodes display,
Where sin and sorrow, fear and death,
Forever flee away.

Doddridge.

109. C. M.

God our Strength,

- 1 SUPREME in wisdom as in power,
The Rock of Ages stands,
Though him thou canst not see, nor trace
The working of his hands.
- 2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart,
And courage in the evil hour,
His heavenly aids impart.
- 3 Mere human powers shall fast decay,
And youthful vigor cease ;

110, 111. DIVINE PERFECTION.

But they that wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.

- 4 They with unwearied feet shall tread
The path of life divine ;
With glowing ardor onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

Scotch Paraph.

110. C. M.

God our Portion.

- 1 GOD ! my supporter and my hope !
My help, forever near ;
Thine arm of mercy holds me up
While sinking in despair.
- 2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
Through this dark wilderness ;
Thy hand conduct me near thy seat,
To dwell before thy face.
- 3 Behold ! the sinners that remove
Far from thy presence, die ;
Not all the idols that they love,
Can save them when they cry.
- 4 But to draw near to thee, my God,
Shall be my sweet employ ;
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
And tell the world my joy.

Watts.

111. L. M.

God our Home.

- 1 THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been ;
Through every age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

2 In thee our fathers sought their rest ;
In thee our fathers still are blest ;
And while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee their souls abide and trust.

3 Lo, we are risen, a feeble race,
Awhile to fill our fathers' place ;
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.

4 Through all the thorny paths we trace
In this uncertain wilderness,
When friends desert and foes invade,
Revive our heart and guard our head.

Doddridge

112. C. M.

God, our Refuge.

1 How are thy servants blessed, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 From all our griefs and straits, O Lord,
Thy mercy sets us free,
When, in the confidence of prayer,
Our souls take hold on thee.

3 In midst of dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

4 Our lives, while thou preservest our lives,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And O, may death, when death shall come,
Unite our souls to thee,

Addison.

113. L. M.

God impartial.

- 1 Who, gracious Father, can complain
Under thy mild and equal reign?
Who can a weight of duty share
More than his soul hath strength to bear?
- 2 With differing climes and differing lands,
With fertile plains or barren sands,
Thy hand hath framed this earthly round,
And set each nation in its bound.
- 3 And thus the light from heaven displays
Unequal brightness in its rays;
But God unfolds to every eye,
Some path that leads it to the sky.
- 4 Large is the bounty of his hand;
He will a large return demand;
Haste then, life's arduous work pursue,
And keep the heavenly prize in view.

Scott.

114. L. M.

God unchangeable.

- 1 GREAT Former of this various frame,
Our souls adore thine awful name;
And bow and tremble, while they praise
The Ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in self-existent light;
It shines with undiminished ray,
While suns and systems pass away.

- 3 Our days a transient period run,
They change with every circling sun ;
And in the firmest state we boast,
Are bending downwards to the dust.
- 4 But let creation fall around ;
Let death consign us to the ground ;
Let the last general flame arise
And melt the arches of the skies ;
- 5 Calm as the summer ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see ;
For grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

Doddridge.

115. C. M.

God unchangeable.

- 1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O, ever blessed God !
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.
- 2 The deep foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid ;
And all the beauteous arch of heaven
With matchless skill was made.
- 3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Formed by thy powerful hand,
Be like a vesture, laid aside
And changed at thy command.
- 4 But thou, O God, art still the same,
And endless are thy days ;
Thy bright perfections ever shine
With undiminished rays.

116, 117. DIVINE PERFECTION.

- 5 Thy servants' children, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God,
To latest time thy favor share,
And spread thy truth abroad.

Tate and Brady.

116. L. M.

God Unsearchable.

- 1 WAIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will ;
Tumultuous passions, all be still ;
Nor let one murmuring thought arise,—
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 In clouds and darkness he resides ;
His work performs, his reason hides ;
But makes his grace and justice known,
The deep foundations of his throne.
- 3 There is no power that can withstand
The might of his resistless hand ;
The hand that showers its gifts of love
On all below, and all above.
- 4 O Father, make us faithful still
To do and suffer all thy will ;
And though thy ways we may not see,
With all our hearts to trust in thee.

Beddome.

117. L. M.

God Incomprehensible.

- 1 CAN creatures to perfection find
The eternal, uncreated mind ?
Or can the largest reach of thought
Measure and search his nature out ?

- 2 'Tis high as heaven, 'tis deep as hell ;
And what can mortals know or tell ?
His glory spreads beyond the sky,
And all the shining worlds on high.
- 3 He frowns, and darkness veils the moon ;
The fainting sun grows dim at noon ;
The pillars of heaven's starry roof
Tremble and start at his reproof.
- 4 These are a portion of his ways ;
But who can utter all his praise ?
Who can endure his light, or stand
To hear the thunders of his hand ?

Watts.

118. L. M.

The God Unknown.

- 1 THOU, mighty Lord, art God alone,
The King of majesty unknown,
And all thy dazzling glories rise
Above the reach of angels' eyes.
- 2 Yet through this earth thy works proclaim
The knowledge of thy reverend name,
And where thy gracious gospel shines,
We read it in the fairest lines.
- 3 But Oh ! how few of all our race
Have learned thy nature and thy ways ;
While thousands even in lands of light
Are buried in the darkest night.
- 4 They tread thy courts, thy word they hear,
And to thy solemn rites draw near ;
Yet, though salvation seems so nigh,
Because they know not God, they die.

Doddridge.

119. L. M.

The Unknown God.

- 1 GREAT God ! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through ;
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 And yet thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal man to know ;
For wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace ;
Explore thy sacred truth, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

Kippis.

120. L. M.

The God of the Seasons.

- 1 AT God's command the morning ray
Smiles in the east and brings the day ;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Over the tops of western hills.
- 2 Seasons and times obey his voice ;
The evening and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with showers,
Laden with fruit and dressed with flowers.
- 3 The desert grows a fruitful field,
Abundant food the pastures yield ;

The vallies breathe a cheerful voice,
And mountains echo back their joys.

- 4 On every plain his glories shine,
His works proclaim his power divine ;
In every month his gifts appear ;
Great God ! thy goodness crowns the year.
Watts.

121. C. M.

Man and Nature uniting in Praise.

- 1 LORD of the world's majestic frame !
Stupendous are thy ways ;
Thy various works declare thy name,
Resounding with thy praise.
- 2 The heavens thy matchless skill display,
With all the stars of light ;
The splendid sun that shines by day,
The silver moon by night.
- 3 And while those radiant orbs of light,
That shine from pole to pole,
In silent harmony unite
To praise thee as they roll,—
- 4 O, shall not we, of human race,
Attempt the theme divine ?
Shall not the children of thy grace
The glorious concert join ?

Jervis.

122. 7 s.

Praise to the God of Nature.

- 1 THOU, who dwell'st enthroned above !
Thou, in whom we live and move !

Thou, in whom thy children die !
God, forever great and high !

- 2 O, how sweet, how excellent,
'Tis, when tongues and hearts consent,
Grateful hearts and joyful tongues,
Hymning thee in tuneful songs.
- 3 When the morning gilds the skies,
When the stars of evening rise,
We thy praises will record,
Sovereign Ruler, mighty Lord.
- 4 Does the spring-flower paint the field ?
Does the earth its harvests yield ?
Lord, from thee these blessings flow,
Giver of all good below.
- 5 Sovereign Ruler ! mighty Lord !
We thy praises will record :
Giver of all blessings, we
Pour our grateful songs to thee.

Sandys.

123. C. M.

Nature praises God.

- 1 THE heaven declares thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill ;
The firmament and stars proclaim
Thy wonders and thy will.
The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings ;
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.

- 2 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine
The calm returns of night ;
Thou hast prepared the glorious sun,
And every gentler light ;
By thee the borders of the earth
In perfect order stand ;
The summer heat and wintry cold
Attend on thy command.
- 3 O may thy law convert the soul ;
Reclaim from false desire ;
And may thy wonders and thy word
The darkest minds inspire ;
So shall our prayers and praises be
With thine acceptance blest ;
And we, secure on thy defence,
Our strength and Saviour, rest.
- Tate and Brady.

124. C. M.

God's Power in the Elements.

- 1 THE Lord our God is full of might !
The winds obey his will !
He speaks, and in his heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.
- 2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar !
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.
- 3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine !
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not in the mountain pine
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

- 4 His voice sublime is heard afar ;
 In distant peals it dies ;
 He yokes the whirlwind to his car
 And sweeps the sounding skies.
- 5 Ye nations, bend, in reverence bend ; -
 Ye monarchs, wait his nod ;
 And bid the choral song ascend
 To celebrate your God.

Kirke White.

125. L. M.

Nature and the Gospel.

- 1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord !
 In every star thy wisdom shines ;
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 The rolling sun, the changing heaven,
 And nights and days, thy power confess ;
 But the blest volume thou hast given
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.
- 3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
 So when thy truth began its race,
 It touched and glanced on every land.
- 4 Nor shall thy spreading Gospel rest
 Till through the earth thy truth has run ;
 Till Christ hath all the nations blessed,
 That see the light or feel the sun.

Watts.

126. L. M. 6 l.

The Book of Nature.

- 1 GREAT God! the heaven's well-ordered frame
Declares the glory of thy name,
There thy rich works of wonder shine ;
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear,
Of boundless skill and power divine.
- 2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light
Lectures of heavenly wisdom read ;
With silent eloquence, they raise
Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.
- 3 Yet thy divine instructions run
Far as the journeys of the sun ;
Thy light and truth are known abroad ;
We see thy smile in Nature's face,
And in the pages of thy grace
We read the glories of our God.

Watts.

127. L. M.

The voice of God in his Works.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
And all the blue ethereal sky
Spangled with stars, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
 And nightly, to the listening earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth :
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
 What though no real voice, nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 Forever singing as they shine,
 ' The hand that made us is divine.'

Addison.

128. L. M.

The God of Nature.

- 1 My God ! all nature owns thy sway ;
 Thou givest the night and thou the day ;
 When all thy loved creation wakes,
 When morning rich in lustre breaks,
 And bathes in dew the opening flower,
 To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;
 And when she pours her choral song,
 Her melodies to thee belong.
- 2 Or when, in purer tints arrayed,
 The evening slowly spreads her shade—
 That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,
 Can, more than day's enlivening bloom,

Still every fond and vain desire,
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire,
From earth the pensive spirit free,
And lead the softened heart to thee.

- 3 As o'er thy work the seasons roll,
And soothe, with change of bliss, the soul,
O, never may their smiling train
Pass o'er the human sense in vain ;
But oft, as on their charms we gaze,
Attune the wandering soul to praise ;
And be the joys that most we prize,
The joys that from thy favor rise.

H. M. Williams.

129. C. M.

Praise.

- 1 How shall we praise the eternal God ?
The infinite unknown ;
Who can ascend his high abode,
Or venture near his throne ?
- 2 The great Invisible ! he dwells
Concealed in dazzling light ;
But his all-searching eye reveals
The secrets of the night.
- 3 Those watchful eyes, that never sleep,
Survey the world around ;
His wisdom is a boundless deep,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.
- 4 Speak we of strength ? his arm is strong
To save or to destroy ;
Infinite years his praise prolong,
And endless is his joy.

130, 131. DIVINE PERFECTION.

- 5 May this great God our guardian prove
Through all our coming days ;
Then shall our spirits all be love,
And all our powers be praise.

Watts.

130. C. M.

Praise to God.

- 1 SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 With thanks approach his awful seat,
And psalms of honor sing ;
The Lord's a God of boundless might,
The whole creation's King.
- 3 Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand ;
He showed the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.
- 4 Let princes hear, let angels know,
How mean their natures seem ;
Those gods on high, and gods below—
When once compared with Him.
- 5 Come ! and with humble souls adore,
Come ! kneel before his face ;
Oh ! may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace.

Watts.

131. L. M.

Praise to God.

- 1 GIVE to the Lord immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways ;

- Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown ;
The King of kings with glory crown ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He sent his Son, with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave ;
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.
- Watts.

132. C. M.

Praise to God.

- 1 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
My King, my God of love ;
My work and joy shall be the same
In the bright world above.
- 2 Great is the Lord ; his power unknown :
And let his praise be great ;
I'll sing the honors of his throne,
His works of grace repeat.
- 3 The Lord supports our helpless days,
And leads our giddy youth ;
Holy and just are all thy ways,
And all thy ways are truth.
- 4 Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,
And children learn thy ways ;
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
And sound thy lasting praise.

Watts.

JESUS CHRIST AND THE SCRIPTURES.

133. C. M.

The Mission of Christ.

- 1 HARK ! the glad sound, the Saviour comes ;
The Saviour, promised long ;
Let every heart a throne prepare,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its holy fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His sacred breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, the prisoners to release
In wretched bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyeballs of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

Doddridge.

134. C. M.

Coming of Christ.

- 1 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come !
Let earth receive her king ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth ! the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
To earth's remotest bound.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Watts.

135. C. M.

The Baptism of Jesus.

- 1 SEE from on high a light divine
On Jesus' head descend !
And hear the sacred voice from heaven
That bids us all attend.
- 2 'This is my well beloved Son,'
Proclaimed the voice divine ;
'Hear him,' his heavenly Father said,
'For all his words are mine.'

- 3 His mission thus confirmed from heaven,
The great Messiah came,
And heavenly wisdom showed to man
In God his Father's name.
- 4 The path of heavenly peace he showed,
That leads to bliss on high ;
Where all his faithful followers here
Shall live, no more to die.

Exeter Coll.

136. L. M.

Example of Christ.

- 1 I READ my duty in the Word
Of my Redeemer and my Lord ;
But in his life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was his truth and such his zeal,
Such deference to his Father's will,
His love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of his prayer ;
The desert his temptations knew,
His conflicts, and his victories too.
- 4 He is our pattern ; may we bear
More of his gracious image here :
And may we trace the steps he trod,
Which lead to virtue and to God.

Watts.

137. L. M.

Example of Jesus.

- 1 **WHENE'ER** the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 2 **O** how benevolent and kind !
How mild, how ready to forgive !
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rule by which we live.
- 3 **To** do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright.
- 4 **Dispensing** good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love ;
If then we own the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

Mrs. Steele.

138. L. M.

Christ laboring almost in vain.

- 1 **AND** did the Son of God complain,
That he had spent his strength in vain,
And stretched his hands for days and years,
To men, unmoved by words or tears ?
- 2 **How** hard the hearts that could withstand
The efforts of the Saviour's hand !
How kind the Son of Man, to bleed
Where words and tears could not succeed !

- 3 Fall down, our souls, in humble woe,
That we have wronged his goodness so ;
And let his gracious kindness move
The cold, forgetful heart, to love.
- 4 May he, whose right it is to reign,
Reap all the fruit of all his pain ;
And till a nobler scene appear
Begin the happy conquest here.

Doddridge.

139. 7s.

Resurrection of Jesus.

- 1 ANGEL ! roll the stone away !
Death ! give up thy mighty prey !
See, he rises from the tomb
Glowing in immortal bloom.
- 2 Shout, ye saints, in rapturous song ;
Let the notes be sweet and strong ;
Hail the Son of God, this morn,
From his sepulchre new-born !
- 3 Christians, dry your flowing tears ;
Calm those unbelieving fears ;
Doubt no more his power to save,
See his own deserted grave.
- 4 Powers of heaven, celestial choirs !
Sing and sweep your sounding lyres ;
Sons of men, in joyful strain
Hail your mighty Saviour's reign.
- 5 Every note with rapture swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell ;
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king ?

Scott.

140. 7s.

Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say ;
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won :
Lo ! our sun's eclipse is o'er ;
Lo ! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal ;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell ;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ has opened Paradise.
- 4 Lo ! he lives, our glorious king !
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Dying once, he all doth save ;
Where thy victory now, O grave ?

Wesley's Coll.

141. 7s.

The ascension and exaltation of Jesus Christ.

- 1 HAIL the day that sees him rise,
Ravished from our wishful eyes ;
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Now ascends his native heaven.
- 2 There the splendid triumph waits ;
Lift your heads, eternal gates,
Wide unfold the radiant scene ;
Take the king of glory in.
- 3 Him though highest heaven receives,
Still he loves the earth he leaves ;
Though ascending to his throne,
Still he calls mankind his own.

4 Ever upwards let us move,
Wafted on the wings of love ;
Looking when our Lord shall come,
Longing for a heavenly home.

5 There with thee may we remain,
Partners of thine endless reign ;
There thy face unclouded see,
Finding all our heaven in thee.

Salisbury Coll.

142. L. M.

The kingdom of Christ.

- 1 GREAT God ! whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey ;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
Extend his power, exalt his throne.
- 2 The sceptre well becomes his hand,
And all submit to his commands ;
His worship and his fear shall last,
Till hours, and years, and time be past.
- 3 As rain on meadows newly mown,
So shall he send his influence down ;
His grace on fainting souls distils
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.
- 4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise ;
Peace, like a river, from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Watts.

143. L. M.

The spread of Christ's kingdom.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run ;
His kingdom reach from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made ;
And praises throng to crown his head ;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.

Watts.

144. C. M.

Christ's Intercession.

- 1 Now let our cheerful eyes survey
Our great High Priest above,
And celebrate his constant care,
And sympathising love.
- 2 The names of all his saints he bears
Engraven on his heart ;
Nor shall the meanest Christian say
That he hath lost his part.
- 3 Those characters shall fair abide,
Our everlasting trust,
When gems, and monuments, and crowns,
Are mouldered back to dust.

4 Thus, gracious Saviour, on my breast
 May thy dear name be worn,
 A sacred ornament and guard,
 To endless ages borne.

Doddridge.

145. H. M.

Christ seen of Angels.

1 O YE immortal throng
 Of angels round the throne,
 Join with our feeble song
 To make the Saviour known :
 On earth ye knew | His beauteous face
 His wondrous grace ; | In heaven ye view.

2 Ye saw the heaven-born child
 In human flesh arrayed,
 Benevolent and mild,
 And in a manger laid ;
 And praise to God, | For such a birth
 And peace on earth, | Proclaimed aloud.

3 Around his sacred tomb
 A willing watch ye keep,
 Till that blest moment come
 To raise him from his sleep.
 Then rolled the stone, | Your rising Lord
 And all adored | With joy unknown.

4 The warbling notes pursue
 And louder anthems raise ;
 While mortals sing with you
 Their own Redeemer's praise :
 And thou, my heart, | And joy the same,
 With equal flame, | Perform thy part.

Doddridge.

146. S. M.

The Root of Jesse, the Bright Morning Star.

- 1 We hail the anointed King
Of David's ancient root ;
The righteous branch, which thence did spring
To give the nations fruit.
- 2 Our weary souls shall rest
Beneath its friendly shade ;
Our thirsty lips salvation taste,
Our fainting hearts are glad.
- 3 Fair Morning Star, arise !
With living glories bright,
And pour on these awakening eyes
A flood of living light.
- 4 The dreary gloom is fled
Before thy rising ray ;
Shine, and our wandering footsteps lead
To everlasting day.

Doddridge.

147. L. M.

The Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 To thee, O God, we homage pay,—
Source of the light that rules the day ;
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy love, and speaks thy name.
- 2 In louder strains we sing that grace
That gives the sun of righteousness ;
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.
- 3 Quickened by him, our souls shall live ;
His beams reviving warmth can give :
Still on our hearts may Jesus shine
With rays of light and love divine.

- 4 O may his glory stand confessed,
From north to south, from east to west ;
And through his heavenly circle run,
A bright and never-setting sun.

Doddridge.

148. L. M.

Divine Glory reflected in Christ.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song !
Awake, my soul, awake my tongue ;
Hosanna to the Eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise, the powerful God ;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.
- 3 But in the gospel of thy Son
Are all thy mightiest works outdone ;
The light it pours upon our eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 4 Our spirits kindle in its beam ;
It is a sweet, a glorious theme :
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound ;
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.

Watts.

149. L. M.

Mercy of God through Christ.

- 1 IMMORTAL God ! on thee we call,
The great Original of all !
By thee we are, to thee we tend,
Our sure support, our glorious end.

- 2 We praise thy free, thy heavenly grace,
Which pitied our revolted race ;
And Jesus, our victorious head,
The Captain of salvation made.
- 3 He, thine eternal love decreed
Should many souls to glory lead ;
And rich supplies through him are given
To fit us for the joys of heaven.
- 4 This theme shall here inspire our tongues,
And raise to heaven our noblest songs ;
A scene of wonders here we see,
Worthy thy Son, and worthy Thee.
- Doddridge.

150. S. M.

Pardon through Christ.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune ;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.
- 2 Sing, how eternal love
Its best beloved chose,
And bade him raise our sinful race
From an abyss of woes.
- 3 Pardon and peace from heaven
Jesus proclaims abroad,
And brings to erring, guilty man,
Sure mercy from his God.
- 4 Then, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrow cease ;
Bow to the sceptre of his love,
And take the offered peace.

- 5 Lord, we obey thy call ;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast sent,
And bless and praise thy name.

Watts.

151. C. M.

The Christian perfected through Christ.

- 1 FATHER of peace, and God of love !
We own thy power to save ;
That power by which our shepherd rose,
Victorious from the grave.
- 2 We triumph in that shepherd's love,
Still watchful for our good ;
Who brought thy mercy from above,
And sealed it with his blood.
- 3 So may thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to thy will,
That our fond hearts no more may stray,
But keep thy covenant still.
- 4 Still may we gain superior strength,
And still thy grace be given ;
Till full perfection crown our hopes,
And all are blest in heaven.

Doddridge.

152. L. M.

Christ our Saviour.

- 1 BURIED in shadows of the night
We lay till Christ restored the light,
Till wisdom came to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.

- 2 Through him, O God, thy sons possess
Grace, wisdom, power and righteousness ;
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole selves, through him, to thee.
- 3 The Saviour takes delight to view
The contrite spirit formed anew,
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their king.

Watts.

153. L. M.

Not ashamed of Jesus Christ.

- 1 JESUS ! and shall it ever be ?
A mortal man ashamed of thee !
Ashamed of thee whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days !
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! sooner far
Let evening blush to own its star ;
He sheds the beams of life divine
On this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ;
No, when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away ;
No tear to dry, no good to crave,
No fears to calm, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,
Till then I boast my Saviour slain ;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me !

Gregg.

154. C. M.

Ashamed of Jesus.

- 1 Is there on earth a nobler name
Than Jesus to be found ?
Who can assert a higher claim,
Or more with truth abound ?
- 2 The Son of God, adorned with grace,
Commissioned from above,
He bears to our rebellious race
The messages of love.
- 3 How noble were the truths he taught !
How pure the life he led !
And shall another Lord be sought,
And we disown our head ?
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus ! shall we let
Our heavenly prospects go ?
And madly, at defiance set
The threats of future woe ?
- 5 Forbid it, Lord ; nor let us yield
To this unworthy shame ;
But each with holy courage filled,
Rejoice in Jesus' name.

Exeter Coll.

155. L. M.

'The Gospel.

- 1 GOD, in the Gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known ;
'Tis here, his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

- 2 Wisdom its dictates here imparts,
To form our minds and cheer our hearts ;
Its influence makes the sinner live,
Its words immortal peace can give.
- 3 Our raging passions it controls,
And comfort yields to contrite souls ;
It brings a better world in view,
And guides us all our journey through.
- 4 May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart and near my eye ;
To life's last hour my soul employ,
And fit me for the heavenly joy.

Beddome.

156. L. M.

The Gospel of Christ.

- 1 God, who in various methods told
His mind and will to those of old,
Hath sent his Son with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.
- 2 The world shall read the sacred page,
That stands the same through every age ;
There God reveals his gracious plan
Of life to undeserving man.
- 3 His kindest thoughts are there expressed,
To make his children wise and blessed ;
The doctrines are divinely true,
For counsel and for comfort too.
- 4 The lands which long in darkness lay,
Have now beheld the heavenly ray ;
Nations which slept in death's cold night,
Rejoice in beams divinely bright.

Watts.

157. C. M.

The Gospel.

- 1 FATHER of mercies ! in thy word
What endless glory shines !
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find ;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's gentle voice
Spreads heavenly peace around :
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 Divine Instructor ! gracious Lord !
Be thou forever near ;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And read salvation there.

Mrs. Steele.

158. 7s.

Invitations of the Gospel.

- 1 COME ! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come !
- 2 Thou who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !
- 3 Ye who tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;

Ye, whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Watch, to see the morning rise ;

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care ;
A wounded spirit who can bear !

5 Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure ;
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Barbault.

159. C. M.

The invitation of the Gospel.

1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the Gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.

2 Ho ! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive, with earthly toys
To fill an empty mind,—

3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast,
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.

4 Ho ! ye who pant for living streams,
And pine away and die ;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With springs that never dry.

160, 161. THE SCRIPTURES.

- 5 The happy gates of Gospel grace
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies
And drive our wants away.

Watts.

160. L. M.

Invitations of the Gospel.

- 1 COME hither, all ye weary souls ;
Ye heavy laden sinners, come ;
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest who learn of me ;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight ;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.
- 4 Jesus ! we come at thy command ;
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To form and guide them at thy will.

Watts.

161. S. M.

Blessedness of the Gospel.

- 1 How beautiful their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.

- 2 How happy are our ears
Who hear the joyful sound
Which kings and prophets waited for
And sought, but never found.
- 3 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light !
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 4 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 5 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the world abroad ;
Let all the nations now adore
Their Father and their God.

Watts.

162. C. M.

Blessing of the Gospel.

- 1 BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The Gospel's joyful sound !
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through the Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor dares the world condemn.
- 3 The glorious tidings from above
Hath all the nations blessed ;
God saves the children of his love,
And gives the weary rest.

163, 164. THE SCRIPTURES.

- 4 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel ! thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

Watts.

163. C. M.

Value of the Scriptures.

- 1 How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given !
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To lead our souls to heaven.
- 2 O'er all the straight and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast ;
A light whose never weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.
- 3 It sweetly cheers our fainting hearts
In this dark vale of tears ;
Life, light, and comfort it imparts,
And calms our anxious fears.
- 4 This lamp through all the dreary night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the glorious light
Of never-ending day.

Rippon's Coll.

164. H. M.

The efficacy of the Gospel.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling showers
Of the reviving rain !
To heaven, from which it came
It turns not back again ;
- | | | |
|------------------------|--|---------------------|
| But waters earth | | And calls forth all |
| Through all her pores, | | Her secret stores. |

2 Arrayed in lovely green
 The hills and vallies shine ;
 And man and beast are fed
 By Providence divine :

The harvest bows		The copious seed
Its golden ears,		Of future years.

3 So, saith the God of grace,
 My Gospel shall descend,
 Almighty to effect

The purpose I intend :
 Millions of souls | And bear it down
 Shall feel its power, | To millions more.

Doddridge.

165. C. M.

Glory of the Word.

1 A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
 Majestic, like the sun ;
 It gives a light to every age,—
 It gives, but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it, still supplies
 The gracious light and heat ;
 Its truths upon the nations rise,—
 They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
 For such a bright display,
 As makes a world of darkness shine
 With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
 Its light of peace and love,
 Till glory break upon my view
 In brighter worlds above.

Cowper.

166. S. M.

Light and Freedom in the Gospel.

- 1 THE traveller, lost in night,
Breathes many a longing sigh ;
And marks the welcome dawn of light
With rapture in his eye.
- 2 Thus sweet the dawn of day
Which weary sinners find,
When mercy, with reviving ray,
Beams o'er the fainting mind.
- 3 To slaves oppressed with chains,
How kind, how dear the friend,
Whose generous hand relieves their pains,
And bids their sorrows end.
- 4 Thus dear the Friend divine,
Who rescues captive souls ;
Unbinds the galling chains of sin,
And all its power controls.
- 5 My God ! to Gospel light
My dawn of hope I owe ;
Once wandering in the shades of night,
And lost in hopeless woe.
- 6 Thy hand redeemed the slave,
And set the prisoner free ;
Be all I am, and all I have,
Devoted, Lord, to thee.

Mrs. Steele.

167. S. M.

The Word of God.

- 1 God of the prophets' power !
God of the Gospel's sound !
Ride glorious on—send out thy voice
To all the nations round.

- 2 With heart and lips unfeigned
We bless thee for thy word ;
We praise thee for the joyful news
Of our ascended Lord.
- 3 O may we treasure well
The counsels that we hear,
Till righteousness and solemn joy
In all our hearts appear.
- 4 Water the sacred seed,
And give it large increase ;
May neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
Prevent the fruits of peace.
- 5 And though we sow in tears,
Our souls at last shall come,
And gather in our sheaves with joy,
At heaven's great harvest-home.
- 6 The labor of our life
Shall end in heavenly rest,
Where every tear is dried away,
And every heart is blest.

Dyer's Coll.

168. S. M.

Nature and Scripture.

- 1 BEHOLD, the lofty sky
Declares its maker, God !
And all the starry worlds on high
Proclaim his power abroad.

- 2 The darkness and the light
Still keep their course the same,
While night to day and day to night
Divinely teach his name.
- 3 In every different land
Their general voice is known ;
They show the wonders of his hand,
And orders of his throne.
- 4 Ye Christian lands, rejoice !
To you his word is given ;
We are not left, from nature's voice
To learn the path to heaven.
- 5 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes ;
He puts his Gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.

Watts

169. S. M.

The Law and the Gospel.

- 1 THE law by Moses came ;
But peace, and truth, and love,
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.
- 2 Within the house of God
Their different works were done ;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful son.
- 3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid ;
O'er all his Father's house he stands,
The sovereign and the head.

4 My soul, forever praise,
Forever love his name,
Who turns thee from the dangerous ways
Of folly, sin and shame.

5 He leads his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows from their eyes.

Watts.

170. C. M.

The Law and Gospel compared.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire and smoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke—

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And breathe his love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light ;
Behold the spirits of the just
Whose faith is turned to sight.

4 Behold the blest assembly there
Whose names are found in heaven,
Where God, the judge of all, declares
Their earthly sins forgiven.

THE SCRIPTURES.

5 In such society as this
My weary soul would rest ;
The man who dwells where Jesus is
Must be forever blest.

Watts.

LIFE, DEATH, AND ETERNITY.

171. C. M.

Youth.

- 1 By Siloam's cool and shady rill
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose.
- 2 And such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose heart, inspired by influence sweet,
Is rising up to God.
- 3 By Siloam's cool and shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And passion's stormy rage.
- 5 Like Him, whose early feet were found
Within his Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine ;
- 6 O gracious Father, full of fears,
We seek thy grace alone,
In youth, and all succeeding years,
To keep us still thine own.

Heber.

172. C. M.

Youth.

- 1 THE morn of life, how fair and gay !
 How cheering and how new !
 What hopes illume their opening day,
 And brighten every view.
- 2 But slippery is the path they tread,
 In pleasure's dangerous way ;
 A thousand snares are round them spread,
 And oft their feet betray.
- 3 How shall they, then, their course pursue
 Through life's uncertain road ?
 What friendly hand will point their view
 To duty and to God ?
- 4 In God's own word the way is sure,
 And plain to every eye ;
 It leads us in a path secure,
 To brighter worlds on high.

Exeter Coll.

173. C. M.

Remember thy Creator.

- 1 IN life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
 With glorious ardor glows,
 And shines in all the fairest charms
 That beauty can disclose ;
- 2 Deep on thy soul, before its powers
 Are yet by vice enslaved,
 Be thy Creator's lofty name
 And character engraved.

3 For soon the shades of grief may cloud
The sunshine of thy days ;
And cares and woes, an endless round,
Encompass all thy ways.

4 Soon may thy heart, the woes of age
In mournful groans deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

Scotch Paraph.

174. C. M.

Youthful Piety.

1 IN the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait
Its summons to the tomb,

2 Remember thy Creator, God ;
For him thy powers employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea ;
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of blessed eternity.

Gibbons.

175. C. M.

Old Age.

1 GOD of my childhood and my youth !
Thou guide of all my days ;
My life declares thy heavenly truth,
And tells thy wondrous ways.

- 2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
 And leave my fainting heart ?
 Who shall sustain my sinking years,
 If God, my strength, depart ?
- 3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
 To the surviving age ;
 And leave a savor of thy name,
 When I shall quit the stage.
- 4 The land of silence and of death
 Awaits my next remove ;
 O, may these poor remains of breath
 Teach the wide world thy love.

Watts.

176. C. M.

Age anticipated.

- 1 WHEN in the vale of closing years
 My feeble feet shall tread,
 And I survey the various scenes
 Through which I have been led ;
- 2 How many mercies will my life
 Before my view unfold !
 What countless dangers will be past,
 What tales of sorrow told.
- 3 But yet, my soul, if thou canst say,
 I've seen my God in all ;
 In every blessing, owned his hand,
 In every loss his call ;
- 4 If I an aged servant am
 Of Jesus and of God,
 I need not fear the closing scene,
 Nor dread the appointed road.

- 5 That scene will all my labors end,
That road conduct on high ;
With comfort I'll review the past,
And triumph, though I die.

Anonymous.

177. C. M.

Preparation for old Age.

- 1 My God ! my everlasting hope !
I live upon thy truth ;
Thy hands have borne my childhood up,
And strengthened all my youth.
- 2 My frame was fashioned by thy power,
With all these limbs of mine ;
And since my life's first dawning hour,
I've been entirely thine.
- 3 Still has my life new wonders seen
Repeated every year ;
Behold, my days that yet remain,
I trust them to thy care.
- 4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
And shadows dim my eyes ;
And round me let thy glory shine
Whene'er thy servant dies.
- 5 Then, in the history of my age,
When men review my days,
They 'll read thy love in every page,
In every line thy praise.

Watts.

178. L. M.

Divine Protection through Life.

- 1 My helper, God ! I bless his name ;
The same his power, his grace the same ;
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

- 2 I, midst ten thousand dangers, stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand ;
And see, when I review my days,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
- 3 Thus far his arm has led me on ;
Thus far I make his mercies known ;
And while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
- 4 My grateful soul, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more,
To bear, in the bright courts above,
The memory of immortal love.

Doddridge.

179. L. M.

Praise through Life.

- 1 God of my life ! through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;
The song shall wake with morning light,
And warble to the silent night.
- 2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
Or griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
My tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
- 3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But Oh ! when that blest morn is come
Which breaks the slumbers of the tomb,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the anthems of the skies.

- 5 Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which sound throughout the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The radiant seraphs round thy throne.

Doddridge.

180. C. M.

Praise in Life and Death.

- 1 My soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days ;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ ;
Devotion heightens all my bliss,
And sanctifies my joy.
- 3 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God ;
My life, with all my active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
- 4 And though these lips shall cease to move,
Though death shall close my eyes,
Yet shall my soul to nobler heights
Of joy and transport rise.
- 5 Then shall my powers in endless strains
Their grateful tribute pay ;
The theme demands an angel's tongue,
An everlasting day.

Heginbotham.

181. S. M.

Timely Improvement of Life.

- 1 THE swift declining day—
How fast its moments fly ;
While evening's broad and gloomy shade
Gains on the western sky.
- 2 Ye mortals, mark its pace ;
Improve the hours of light ;
And know your Maker can command
An instantaneous night.
- 3 His word blots out the sun
In its meridian blaze ;
And cuts from smiling, vigorous youth,
The remnant of its days.
- 4 On the dark mountain's brow
Your feet shall quickly slide,
And from its airy summit dash
Your momentary pride.
- 5 Give glory to the Lord,
Who rules the rolling sphere ;
Submissive at his footstool bow,
And seek salvation there.

Doddridge.

182. L. M.

Improvement of Time.

- 1 GOD of eternity ! from thee
Did infant Time his being draw ;
Moments, and days, and months, and years,
Revolve by thine unvaried law.
- 2 Silent but swift they glide away ;
Steady and strong the current flows ;
Lost in eternity's wide sea,
The boundless gulf from which it rose.

- 3 Yet while the shore on either hand
Presents a gay and flattering show,
We gaze, in fond amazement lost,
Nor think to what a world we go.
- 4 Great Source of wisdom ! teach our hearts
To know the worth of every hour ;
That time may bear us on to joys,
Beyond its measure and its power.
Doddridge.

183. L. M.

The Day of Salvation.

- 1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward ;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The wandering sinner may return.
- 2 Life is the hour that God has given
To escape from hell and fly to heaven ;
The day of grace, when mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die ;
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their hatred and their love are lost,
Their passions silent in the dust.
- 4 Then let us with our might pursue
Whate'er our thoughts design to do,
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

Watts.

184. C. M.

Human Frailty and Divine Support.

- 1 LET others boast how strong they be,
Nor death nor danger fear ;
But we'll confess, O Lord, to thee,
What feeble things we are.
- 2 Fresh as the grass our bodies stand,
And flourish bright and gay ;
A blasting wind sweeps o'er the land,
And withers all away.
- 3 Our life contains a thousand springs,
And dies if one be wrong ;
Strange ! that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in tune so long.
- 4 It is our God supports our frame,
The God who built us first ;
Salvation to the Almighty name
That saves us from the dust.

Watts.

185. S. M.

Human Frailty.

- 1 ALAS ! it was but clay
That formed our bodies first ;
And every month, and every day,
'Tis mouldering back to dust.
- 2 Our moments fly apace,
Nor can we make them stay ;
But, like a flood, our passing days
Are sweeping us away.
- 3 Well, if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight ;
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them haste their flight.

- 4 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea ;
Soon shall we reach the blissful shore
Of blessed eternity.

Watts.

186. S. M.

Frailty of Life.

- 1 How swift the torrent rolls
That bears us to the sea !
The tide that bears our thoughtless souls
To vast eternity !
- 2 Our fathers ! where are they,
With all they called their own ?
Their joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
Their wealth and honor, gone.
- 3 But joy or grief remains
Beyond death's dreary wave,
While the poor remnant of their frame
Is sleeping in the grave.
- 4 God of our fathers ! hear !
Thou everlasting friend !
While we, as on life's utmost verge,
Our souls to thee commend.
- 5 Of all the pious dead
May we the footsteps trace,
Till with them in the land of light
We dwell before thy face.

Doddridge.

187. C. M.

Human Folly and Frailty.

- 1 How short and hasty is our life !
How vast our soul's affairs !
Yet senseless mortals vainly strive
To lavish out their years.
- 2 Our days run thoughtlessly along
Without a moment's stay ;
Just like a story or a song,
We pass our lives away.
- 3 God from on high invites us home,
But we march heedless on ;
And, ever hastening to the tomb,
Stoop downward as we run.
- 4 Draw us, O God, with sovereign grace,
And lift our thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal race,
And see salvation nigh.

Watts.

188. C. M.

Human Frailty.

- 1 THEE we adore, Eternal name ;
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we.
- 2 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath which first it gave ;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.
- 3 Dangers stand thick through all the ground
To bear us to the tomb ;
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

- 4 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To run this dangerous road ;
 And when our souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with God.

Watts.

189. C. M.

Human Frailty.

- 1 LORD, we adore thy wondrous name,
 And make that name our trust,
 Which raised at first this curious frame,
 From mean and lifeless dust.
- 2 Awhile these frail machines endure,
 The fabric of a day ;
 Then know their vital powers no more,
 But moulder back to clay.
- 3 Yet, Lord, whate'er is felt or feared,
 This thought is our repose,
 That he by whom this frame was reared,
 Its various weakness knows.
- 4 He views us with a pitying eye,
 While struggling with our load ;
 In pain and danger he is nigh,
 Our Father and our God.

Doddridge.

190. C. M.

The Vanity of Life.

- 1 TEACH me the measure of my days,
 Thou maker of my frame !
 I would survey life's narrow space,
 And learn how frail I am.

- 2 See the vain race of mortals move
Like shadows o'er the plain :
They rage and strive, desire and love,
But all their noise is vain.
- 3 Some walk in honor's gaudy show ;
Some search for golden ore ;
Some toil for heirs, they know not who,
And straight are seen no more.
- 4 What should I wish or wait for, then,
From creatures, earth and dust ?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.
- 5 Now I renounce my earthly hope ;
My fond desires recall :
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

Watts.

191. L. M.

Shortness of Life.

- 1 LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or like the ocean's rolling waves,
Successive generations pass,
And hurry onward to their graves.
- 2 Vain is the boast of lengthened years ;
How fast and still they glide away !
Mournful and short alike appears
The patriarch's age, the infant's day.
- 3 O Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie,
Teach us the fleeting gift to prize,
And use the moments as they fly ;

- 4 To crowd the narrow span of life
 With wise designs and virtuous deeds ;
 So shall we wake from death's dark night
 To share the glory that succeeds.

J. Taylor.

192. C. M.

Shortness of Life.

- 1 OUR life is ever on the wing,
 And death is ever nigh ;
 The moment when our lives begin,
 We all begin to die.
- 2 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
 Thy lasting favor share ;
 Yet, with the bounties of thy grace,
 Thou crown'st the rolling year.
- 3 Thy friendly hand provides our food,
 And fills our hearts with love ;
 Thy grace stands pointing out the road
 That leads our souls above.
- 4 Thy goodness runs an endless round,
 All glory to the Lord !
 Thy mercy never knows a bound,
 And be thy name adored.
- 5 Thus we begin the lasting song,
 And when we close our eyes,
 Let ages down thy praise prolong,
 Till time and nature dies.

Watts.

193. S. M.

Shortness of Life.

- 1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
 Lodged in thy sovereign hand ;

And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our lives away ;
O make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Waken, by thy Almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care ;
O be it still pursued ;
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light ;
Lest life's young golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

Doddridge.

194. C. M.

Warnings of Mortality.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given ;
Beneath us lie the countless dead ;
Above, the glorious heaven.

2 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay ;
And death descend, in sudden night,
On manhood's middle day.

3 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Bend downward to the tomb ;
And yet shall earth our thoughts engage,
And dreams of days to come ?

- 4 Turn, mortal, turn ; thy danger know ;
Where'er thy feet can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.
- 5 Turn, Christian, turn ; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given ;
All that beneath thee sleeping lie,
Must wake to hell or heaven.

Heber.

195. C. M.

Man frail, and God eternal.

- 1 OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home ;
- 2 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.
- 3 Thy word commands us to the dust,
"Return, ye sons of men ;"
All nations rose from earth at first,
And turn to earth again.
- 4 Time, like an overflowing stream,
Is bearing all away ;
They pass, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.
- 5 Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come ;
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

Watts.

196. L. M.

Mortality.

- 1 BEHOLD the path that mortals tread
Down to the regions of the dead ;
The fleeting moments will not stay,
Nor can we measure back our way.
 - 2 No care our wasting life can save ;
Our early friends are in the grave ;
Feeble as theirs our mortal frame,
The same our way, our house the same.
 - 3 My God, to thee my all I trust,
And if thou call me to the dust,
I know thy voice, I bless thy hand,
And die in peace at thy command.
 - 4 Away with every mortal care,
Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,
With steady feet that path to tread
Which leads us downward to the dead.
- Doddridge.

197. L. M.

Mortality.

- 1 **THROUGH** every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode ;
High was thy throne, ere heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.
- 2 Long hadst thou reigned, ere time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man ;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away—our life's a dream—

A tale soon told—a morning flower,
Cut down, and withered in an hour.

- 4 Oh ! teach us, Lord, how frail is man ;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till, though we die, our souls shall be
Prepared to rise, and dwell with thee.

Watts.

198. L. M.

Mortality.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of life, before thine eye,
Lo, mortal men by thousands die ;
Banished at once from human sight,
To the dark grave's unchanging night.
- 2 There, friends no more their friends shall
meet,
No more exchange the welcome sweet ;
No more the well-known features trace,
No more renew the fond embrace.
- 3 Yet if my Father's faithful hand
Conduct me through this gloomy land,
My soul with pleasure shall obey,
And follow where he leads the way.
- 4 The beamings of his gracious eye
A lost creation can supply ;
And nobler friends than here we leave,
In brighter, fairer worlds can give.

Doddridge.

199. L. M. 6l.

Death.

- 1 YET a few years, or days perhaps,
Or moments pass in silent lapse,
And time to me shall be no more !
No more the sun these eyes shall view,
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,
And life's delusive dream be o'er.
- 2 Great God ! how awful is the scene !
A breath, a transient breath between ;
And can I waste life's fleeting day ?
To earth, alas, too firmly bound,
Trees deeply rooted in the ground,
Are shivered when they 're torn away.
- 3 Great Cause of all above, below !
Who knows thee must forever know
Thou art immortal and divine ;
Thine image, on my soul impressed,
Of endless being is the test,
And bids eternity be mine.

Hawkesworth.

200. L. M.

Death approaching.

- 1 THAT awful hour will soon appear,
Swift on the wings of time it flies,
When all that pains or pleases here,
Shall vanish from my closing eyes.
- 2 Think, O my soul, how much depends
On the short period of to-day ;
Shall time, which heaven in mercy lends,
Be negligently thrown away ?

- 3 Thy remnant minutes strive to use ;
 Awake, rouse every active power ;
 And not in dreams and trifles lose
 This little, this important hour.
- 4 Lord of my life ! inspire my heart
 With heavenly ardor, grace divine ;
 Nor let thy presence e'er depart,
 For strength, and life, and death, are thine.
- Mrs. Steele.

201. L. M.

Victory over Death.

- 1 LIFT up, ye saints, your weeping eyes,
 Suspend your sorrows and your sighs ;
 Arise and hear the Saviour say,
 'The former things are passed away.'
- 2 Behold amid the glowing skies
 A new created world arise !
 Mark with what light its prospects shine !
 How rich, how various, how divine !
- 3 No grief shall there assail the heart,
 No boding fear, no piercing smart ;
 It opens wide its friendly breast,
 To take the weary souls to rest.
- 4 Vain king of terrors ! boast no more
 How strong thine arm, how wide thy power,
 Each saint, in Christ, his living head,
 Shall reign, when thou thyself art dead.
- Doddridge.

202. L. M.

The Death of the Virtuous.

- 1 SWEET is the scene when virtue dies !
 When sinks a righteous soul to rest,

How mildly beam the closing eyes,
 How gently heaves th' expiring breast !

- 2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 Triumphant smiles the victor brow,
 Fanned by some angel's radiant wing ;
 Where is, oh grave ! thy victory now ?
 And where, insidious death ! thy sting ?
- 4 Farewell, conflicting joys and fears ;
 When light and shade alternate dwell ;
 How bright the unchanging morn appears ;
 Farewell, inconstant world, farewell !
- 5 Its duty done as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies ;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 ' Sweet is the scene when virtue dies !'

Barbault.

203. C. M.

Death of the Good.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms ?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
 To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
 As fast as time can move ?
 We would not wish the hours more slow
 That bear our souls above.

- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
'Twas there the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened every bed ;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying head ?

Watts.

204. C. M.

The Grave.

- 1 HARK ! from the tombs a solemn sound !
My ears, attend the cry ;
Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your powers ;
The proud, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours.
- 3 Great God ! is this our certain doom ?
And are we still secure ?
Still moving downward to the tomb,
And yet prepared no more ?
- 4 Grant us the power of quickening grace
To fit our souls to fly ;
Then, when we end this mortal race,
We'll rest above the sky.

Watts.

205. C. M.

Peace of the Grave

- 1 How still and peaceful is the grave !
Where, life's vain tumults past,
The appointed house, by heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last.
- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease ;
There, passions rage no more ;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the prisoners, now released
From slavery's sad abode ;
No more they hear the oppressor's voice,
Nor dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose ;
And there, in peace, the ashes join
Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All, levelled by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb,
Till God in judgment call them forth
To meet their righteous doom.

Scotch Paraph.

206. C. M.

Absence from the body.

- 1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high ;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall ;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly father's call.

- 3 We walk by faith in joys to come ;
Faith lives upon his word ;
But while the body is at home,
We are absent from the Lord.
- 4 'Tis well to trust thy heavenly grace,
But better far to see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

Watts.

207. S. M.

Retribution.

- 1 O, WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
And O what gloomy horrors hang
Around the second death !
- 5 O God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banished from thy face,
Forevermore undone.

Montgomery.

208. C. M.

The Last Day.

- 1 'STAND still, refulgent orb of day !'
The Jewish victor cries ;
So shall at last an angel say,
And rend it from the skies.
- 2 A flame intenser than the sun
Shall melt his golden urn ;
Time's lingering sands no more shall run,
Nor human years return.
- 3 Then, with immortal splendor bright,
That glorious orb shall rise,
Which through eternity shall light
The new created skies.
- 4 On the bright ranks of happy souls,
Those blissful beams shall shine,
While the loud song of triumph rolls
In harmony divine.

Butcher.

209. C. M.

The Resurrection.

- 1 How long shall death, the tyrant, reign,
And triumph o'er the just ?
While the rich blood of martyrs slain
Lies mingled with the dust.
- 2 Lo ! I behold the scattering shades,
The dawn of heaven appears ;
The sweet, immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.
- 3 I see the Lord of glory come,
With flaming guards around ;
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.

- 4 I hear the voice—‘ ye dead, arise !’
 And lo ! the dead obey ;
 And waking saints with joyful eyes
 Salute the heavenly day.

Watts.

210. L. M.

Heaven.

- 1 THERE is a glorious world on high,
 Resplendent with eternal day ;
 Faith views the blissful prospect nigh,
 And God’s own word reveals the way.
- 2 There shall the servants of the Lord
 With never-failing lustre shine ;
 Surprising honor ! vast reward,
 Conferred on man by love divine.
- 3 The shining firmament shall fade,
 And sparkling stars resign their light ;
 But these shall know no change nor shade,
 Forever fair, forever bright.
- 4 How happy then the truly wise,
 Who learn and keep the sacred road !
 How happy they whom heaven employs
 To turn the wanderers back to God !
- 5 Come, Lord, awake our active powers,
 Our feeble, dying strength renew ;
 And let these fainting hearts of ours
 Be kindled at the glorious view.

Mrs. Steele.

211. C. M.

Prospect of Heaven.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

- 2 There, everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand, dressed in living green ;
 So, to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross this narrow sea ;
 And linger shivering on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove,
 These gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unclouded eyes ;
- 6 Could we but stand where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

Watts.

212. S. M.

Heaven.

- 1 FAR from these scenes of night
 Unbounded glories rise ;
 And realms of infinite delight,
 Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 There sickness never comes ;
 There grief no more complains ;
 Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
 And purest pleasure reigns.

3 No cloud those regions know,
Forever bright and fair ;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

4 There night is never known,
Nor sun's faint, sickly ray ;
But glory, from the eternal throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

5 O, may this vision fire
Our souls with ardent love ;
And living faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

Mrs. Steele.

213. C. M.

Heaven for the Holy.

1 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father hath prepared
For those who love the Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come ;
And beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace ;
No lip profane, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
The slaves of sin and shame ;
None shall obtain admission there
But followers of the Lamb.

LIFE, DEATH, &c.

- 5 He keeps the Father's book of life,
Where all their names are found;
The hypocrite in vain shall strive
To tread the heavenly ground.

Watts.

CHRISTIAN PRINCIPLES AND AFFECTIONS.

214. C. M.

The new heart.

- 1 O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free ;
A heart that always feels the blood
Of Him who died for me.
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
The great Redeemer's throne ;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him who reigns within :
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine ;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
O God, resembling thine.
- 5 Thy Spirit, gracious Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above,
And deeply write in every heart
Thy new, best name of love.

Methodist Coll.

215. S. M.

Confidence in God.

- 1 LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death ;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.
- 2 My thoughts address his throne,
When morning brings the light ;
I seek his blessing every noon,
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 4 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord :
I'll cast my burden on his arm,
And rest upon his word.
- 5 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love :
The ground on which their safety stands
No earthly power can move.

Watts.

216. C. M.

Constant trust in God.

- 1 FATHER divine ! before thy view,
All worlds, all creatures lie ;
No distance can elude thy search,
No darkness veil thine eye.

- 2 From thee our vital breath we drew ;
Our childhood was thy care ;
And vigorous youth and feeble age
Thy kind protection share.
- 3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy bounty ceaseless flows ;
Oppressed with woe when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repose.
- 4 To thee we look, thou Power supreme ;
O, still our wants supply ;
Safe in thy presence may we live,
And in thy favor die.

J. Taylor.

217. L. M.

Trust in God.

- 1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names ;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.
- 2 Through every age, his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer ;
And never shall the just complain
That they have sought their God in vain.
- 3 For still he owns his ancient name ;
The same his power, his love the same ;
And by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Christ his Son.
- 4 To him our souls in faith arise ;
To him we lift imploring eyes,
And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God hath led.

Doddridge.

218. L. M.

Trust in Providence.

- 1 GREAT Lord of earth, and seas, and skies !
Thy wealth the needy world supplies ;
And safe beneath thy guardian arm,
We live secure from every harm.
- 2 To thee, perpetual thanks we owe,
For all our comforts here below ;
Our daily bread thy bounty gives,
And every rising want relieves.
- 3 Our portion may thy wisdom choose,
Nor let our hearts thy choice refuse ;
On thee, O God, would we depend,
The rich, the sure, the faithful friend.
- 4 And when our souls are called to stand
Beneath the chastening of thy hand,
We'll learn a lesson from thy Son,
And say, " Thy holy will be done."

Browne.

219. C. M.

Trust in Divine Goodness.

- 1 FATHER ! we own thy Sovereign hand,
Thy faithful care we own ;
Wisdom and love are all thy ways,
When most to us unknown.
- 2 To thee we yield our comforts up,
To thee our lives resign ;
In straits and dangers, rich and safe,
If we and ours are thine.
- 3 Thy saints in earlier life removed,
In sweeter accents sing,

And bless the swiftness of their flight,
That bore them to their King.

- 4 The burdens of a lengthened day
With patience may we bear,
Till evening's welcome hour shall show
We were our Father's care.

Doddridge.

220. C. M.

Confidence in God.

- 1 So firm the saint's foundations stand,
Nor can his hopes remove,
Sustained by God's Almighty hand,
And sheltered in his love ;
- 2 The olive and the fig may fail,
The vine its fruit deny ;
Famine through all his fields prevail,
And all the herd may die :
- 3 God is the treasure of his soul,
The source of sacred joy ;
Which no affliction can control,
Nor death itself destroy.
- 4 Lord ! may we feel thy cheering beams,
And share thy saints' repose ;
We will not mourn the vanished streams,
While such a fountain flows.

Doddridge.

221. S. M.

Reliance on God.

- 1 My Father ! cheering name ;
O may I call thee mine !
Give me with humble hope to claim
A portion so divine.

- 2 This can my fears control,
 And bid my sorrows fly ;
 What real harm can reach my soul
 Beneath a Father's eye ?
- 3 Whate'er thy will denies,
 I calmly would resign ;
 For thou art just, and good, and wise ;
 O bend my will to thine.
- 4 Whate'er thy will ordains,
 O give me strength to bear ;
 Still let me know a Father reigns,
 And trust a Father's care.

Mrs. Steele.

222. C. M.

Praise for Divine Goodness.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered mercies on my soul
 Thy tender care bestowed,
 Before my infant heart conceived
 From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

Addison.

223. L. M.

Giving thanks in all things.

- 1 GOD of our lives ! our thanks to thee,
Should, like thy gifts, continual be ;
In constant streams thy bounty flows,
From life's first opening to its close.
- 2 From thee our comforts all arise ;
Our numerous wants thy hand supplies ;
Nor can we ever, Lord, be poor,
Who live on thy exhaustless store.
- 3 If sorrows on our hearts descend,
We still can trust our heavenly friend,
And bear his gracious words impressed
In long remembrance in the breast.
- 4 Dispose us, each revolving day,
For daily gifts, our thanks to pay ;
And though withdrawn those gifts should be,
In all things to give thanks to thee.

Browne.

224. 7s.

Praise to God in Prosperity.

- 1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ ;
- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,
For the vine's exalted juice,
For the generous olive's use ;
- 3 Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ;
Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :

- 4 All that Spring with bounteous hand
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that liberal Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :
5 These to thee, my God, we owe ;
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Barbault.

225. 7s.

Praise to God in Adversity.

- 1 SHOULD the rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green, untimely fruit ;
2 Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Though the sickening flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ;
3 Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain ;
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy ;
4 Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And when every blessing's flown,
Love thee, for thyself alone.

Barbault.

226. C. M.

Praising God in all changes.

- 1 FATHER of mercies, God of love,
My Father and my God ;
I'll sing the honors of thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

- 2 In every period of my life
Thy thoughts of love appear ;
Thy mercies gild each transient scene,
And crown each lengthening year.
- 3 In all these mercies, may my soul
A father's bounty see ;
Nor let the gifts thy grace bestows
Estrange my heart from thee.
- 4 In every changing state of life,
Each bright, each gloomy scene,
Give me a meek and humble mind,
Still equal and serene.
- 5 Then will I close my eyes in death,
Free from distressing fear ;
For death itself is life, my God,
If thou art with me there.

Heginbotham.

227. C. M.

Gratitude and Submission.

- 1 WHEN I survey life's varied scene,
Amidst the darkest hours,
Bright rays of comfort shine between,
And thorns are mixed with flowers.
- 2 No harm can ever reach my soul,
Beneath my Father's eye ;
This thought can all my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly.
- 3 If pain and sickness rend my frame,
And life almost depart,
Thy mercy ever is the same,
To cheer my drooping heart.

- 4 Is glowing health my happy share ?
 Then let me bless my God :
 Thy goodness let my song declare,
 And spread thy praise abroad.
- 5 While such delightful joys as these
 Are kindly dealt to me,
 Be all my hours of health and ease
 Devoted, Lord, to thee.

Mrs. Steele.

228. C. M.

Submission.

- 1 O LORD, my best desires fulfil,
 And help me to resign
 Life, health, and comfort, to thy will,
 And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
 Whose love forbids my fears ?
 Or tremble at the gracious hand
 That dries away my tears.
- 3 No, let me rather freely yield
 What most I prize to thee ;
 Who never hast a good withheld,
 Nor wilt withhold from me.
- 4 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
 Shall I resist their power ?
 A poor blind creature of a day,
 And dying every hour ?
- 5 But ah ! my inward spirit cries,
 Still bind me to thy sway,
 Else the next cloud that veils the skies
 Drives all these thoughts away.

Cowper.

229. L. M.

Submission.

- 1 My God ! I thank thee ; may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisement severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each anxious fear.
- 2 Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.
- 3 Full many a throb of grief and pain,
Thy frail and erring child must know,
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
- 4 Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And, mid the wreck of human joy,
Let kneeling faith adore thy will.

Norton.

230. C. M.

Submission.

- 1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And rose to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with the dust.
- 2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favors, borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.
- 3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave ;

231, 232. CHRISTIAN AFFECTIONS.

- He gives—and blessed be his name,
He takes but what he gave.
4 Peace, all our angry passions, then ;
Let each repining sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

Watts.

231. C. M.

Acquiescence in God's Will.

- 1 AUTHOR of good ! to thee we turn ;
Thine ever watchful eye
Alone can all our wants discern,
Thy hands alone supply.
2 O, let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love, our footsteps guide ;
That love shall vainer loves expel,
That fear, all fears beside.
3 And since, by passion's force subdued,
Too oft, with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill ;
4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply ;
The good unasked, O Father, grant,
The ill, though asked, deny.

Merrick.

232. C. M.

Anxiety Removed.

- 1 WE would not seek, with God our friend,
With anxious care to know,
Or how, or when, our life shall end,
Or what our lot below.

- 2 The same kind Power that gave us breath,
Still holds us in his hand ;
And when he bids us sleep in death,
All-wise is his command.
- 3 If lengthened years our lives shall crown,
Then be his praise expressed ;
Or, if in this he cuts us down,
Still what he does is best.
- 4 May we, the good each hour supplies
Receive with grateful mind ;
And when our fairest pleasure dies,
Be humble and resigned.
- 5 How swift our moments steal away !
Even while we speak they fly ;
Then let us seize the passing day,
And only live, to die.

Frisbie.

233. L. M.

Anxiety Removed.

- 1 WHY sinks my weak, desponding mind ?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh ?
Can sovereign goodness be unkind ?
Am I not safe, if God be nigh ?
- 2 'Tis he supports the fainting frame ;
On him alone my hopes recline ;
The wondrous glories of his name,
How wide they spread, how bright they shine !
- 3 My God ! if thou art mine indeed,
Then I have all my heart can crave ;
A present help in times of need,
Still kind to hear, and strong to save.

- 4 Forgive my doubts, O gracious Lord,
And calm the sorrows of my breast ;
Speak to my heart the healing word,
That thou art mine, and I am blest.

Mrs. Steele.

234. S. M.

Encouragement.

- 1 GIVE to the winds thy fears !
Hope, and be undismayed !
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.
- 2 He every where hath rule,
And all things serve his might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.
- 3 Thou comprehend'st him not ;
Yet heaven and earth will tell,
God sits as sovereign on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.
- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord,
Our hearts are known to thee ;
O lift thou up our sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee.
- 5 Through winds, and clouds, and storms,
His hand will clear our way ;
We wait his time, and soon the night
Shall end in perfect day.

Moravian.

235. S. M.

Dependence on God.

- 1 To keep the lamp alive
With oil we fill the bowl ;
'Tis water makes the willow thrive,
And grace that feeds the soul.
- 2 The Lord's unsparing hand
Supplies the living stream ;
It is not at our own command,
But all derived from him.
- 3 Man's wisdom is to seek
His strength in God alone ;
For even an angel would be weak
Who trusted in his own.
- 4 Retreat beneath his wings,
And in his grace confide ;
This more exalts the King of kings
Than all your works beside.
- 5 In him is all our store ;
Grace issues from his throne ;
Whoever says, ' I want no more,'
Confesses he has none.

Cowper.

236. C. M.

Support in God.

- 1 My God, the covenant of thy love
Abides forever sure ;
And in its matchless grace, I feel
My happiness secure.

- 2 What though my house be not with thee,
As nature could desire ;
To nobler joys than nature gives,
Thy servants all aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
My father art become,
Jesus my guardian, and my friend,
And heaven my final home ;
- 4 I welcome all thy sovereign will,
For all that will is love :
And, when I know not what thou dost,
I wait the light above.

Doddridge.

237. S. M.

Obligation to God.

- 1 My Maker and my king !
To thee my all I owe ;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind !
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.
- 3 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawned on my early days ;
Ere infant reason had begun
To form my lips to praise.
- 4 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live ;
My God, thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

- 5 O, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.

Mrs. Steele

238. C. M.

Happiness in God alone.

- 1 WHEN Fancy spreads her boldest wings,
And wanders unconfined
Amidst the unbounded scene of things
Which entertain the mind ;
- 2 In vain we trace creation o'er
In search of sacred rest ;
The whole creation is too poor
To make us fully blest.
- 3 In vain would this low world employ
Each false and flattering wile ;
For what can yield a real joy,
But our Creator's smile ?
- 4 Let earth with all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind ;
In God alone this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.
- 5 Thy favor, Lord, is all we want,
Here would our spirit rest ;
O seal the rich, the boundless grant,
And make us fully blest.

Mrs. Steele.

239. L. M.

Seeking God.

- 1 HEAR, gracious sovereign, from thy throne,
And send thy various blessings down ;
When by thy children thou art sought,
Oh, hear the prayer thy word hath taught.
- 2 Oh, send thy Spirit from above,
To fill the coldest heart with love ;
Soften to flesh the heart of stone,
And let thy godlike power be known.
- 3 Speak thou, and in the haughtiest eyes
Shall tears of deep repentance rise ;
And all that now thy love disdain,
Shall seek thy face, nor seek in vain.
- 4 Then shall thy gathering children wait
In crowds around thy temple gate ;
Each pressing on with zeal to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

Doddridge.

240. S. M.

Seeking God.

- 1 MY God ! permit my tongue
This joy—to call thee mine ;
And let my earnest heart prevail,
And taste thy love divine.
- 2 For life, without thy love,
No relish can afford ;
No joy to be compared with this,—
To serve and please the Lord.
- 3 In wakeful hours of night,
I call my God to mind ;
I think how wise thy counsels are,
And all thy dealings kind.

- 4 Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies ;
And on thy faithful providence
My cheerful hope relies.
- 5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
And praise thee while I live ;
Not all the pleasures of the earth
So pure enjoyment give.

Watts.

241. C. M.

Rejoicing in God.

- 1 REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord,
This work belongs to you ;
Sing of his name, his ways, his word :
How holy, just and true.
- 2 His mercy and his righteousness,
Let heaven and earth proclaim ;
His works of nature and of grace
Reveal his wondrous name.
- 3 His wisdom and almighty word
The heavenly arches spread ;
And by the Spirit of the Lord
Their shining hosts were made.
- 4 He made the moving waters flow
To their appointed deep ;
The heaving seas their limits know,
And their own station keep.
- 5 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
And breaks their vain designs ;
His counsel stands through every age,
And in full glory shines.

Watts.

242. C. M.

Walking with God.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God !
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed ;
How sweet their memory still ;
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

Cowper.

243. C. M.

Walking with God.

- 1 THRICE happy souls, who, born from heaven,
While yet they sojourn here,
Each day of life with God begin,
And spend it in his fear.
- 2 Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne ;

- And while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.
- 3 To aid the better ends of life,
Be each enjoyment sought ;
And by each various providence,
Some wise instruction brought.
- 4 When by laborious duties called,
Or by temptation tried ;
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.
- 5 In this communion with my God,
My life shall pass away ;
Nor shall I then impatient wish,
Nor fear its closing day.

Doddridge.

244. L. M.

Glorying in the Lord.

- 1 THE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state ;
O'er all the earth his power extends,
All heaven before his footstool bends.
- 2 Yet justice still with power presides,
And mercy all his empire guides ;
Such works are pleasing in his sight,
Such men are always his delight.
- 3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast ;
No more, ye strong, your valor trust ;
No more, ye rich, with joy behold
The growing treasures of your gold.
- 4 Within your heavenly Father find
Your wisdom, power, and wealth combined ;
And bend on him thy earnest eyes,
Till all thy soul in rapture rise.

Doddridge.

245. C. M.

Love to God.

- 1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast ;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge ! alas, 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear ;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be wanting there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes the cheerful feet
In swift obedience move ;
'Tis this shall strike the golden harp,
In the sweet realms above.
- 4 Let heavenly love prepare my soul
For life beyond the skies,
Where years of long salvation roll,
And glory never dies.

Watts.

246. L. M.

Love to God and Man.

- 1 THUS saith the first and great command,
Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God,
With utmost vigor and delight.
- 2 Then shall thy neighbor next in place
Share thine affections and esteem ;
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him.

3 This is the truth which Moses spoke,
 This did the ancient prophets prove ;
 For want of this the law is broke,
 And the whole law's fulfilled in love.

4 But Oh, how base our passions are !
 How cold our charity and zeal !
 Lord ! fill our souls with heavenly fire,
 Or we can never do thy will.

Watts.

247. C. M.

Love essential.

1 THOUGH every grace my speech adorned,
 That flows from every tongue ;
 Though I could rise to loftier strains
 Than ever angels sung ;

2 Though, with prophetic light inspired,
 I made all mysteries plain ;
 Yet, were I void of Christian love,
 These gifts were all in vain.

3 Though I dispense with liberal hand
 My goods to feed the poor ;
 Or, firm to conscience and to truth,
 A martyr's fate endure ;

4 Nay, though my faith, with boundless power,
 Even mountains could remove ;
 'Twere all in vain, should I be found
 A stranger still to love.

Scotch Paraph.

248. L. M.

Religion vain without Love.

1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
 And nobler speech than angels use,

- If love be wanting, I am found
Like tinkling brass—an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven or hell,
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store
To feed the hunger of the poor ;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;
- 4 If love to God, and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain ;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

Watts.

249. L. M.

Penitence.

- 1 Show pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive !
Let a repenting rebel live ;
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't efface
The power and glory of thy grace ;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound ;
So let thy pardoning love be found.
- 3 Oh ! wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
To save his spirit from despair.

Watts.

250. C. M.

Improvement neglected.

- 1 ALAS, how fast our moments fly,
How short our days appear ;
How soon through various seasons hastes
The swift revolving year.
- 2 Seasons of grace and days of hope—
While Jesus waiting stands,
And spreads the blessings of his love
With wide extended hands.
- 3 But oh ! how slow of heart are we
These blessings to secure ;
Blessings, which while all others fail,
Forever shall endure.
- 4 Beneath the word of life we die,
We starve amid our store ;
And what should lead us home to thee,
But makes us wander more.
- 5 Restore thy children, God of love,
And make them truly wise ;
So from the seeds of heavenly grace
Shall heavenly harvests rise.

Doddridge.

251. 7s.

Penitence.

- 1 God of mercy ! God of love !
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
Listen to thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all grace belongs.

- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent,
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent ;
 - 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain ;
 - 4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame we own ;
Humbled at thy feet we bow,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- J. Taylor.

252. L. M.

Penitence.

- 1 O THOU who hearest when sinners cry,
Though all our crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin ;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light ;
Cast out, and banished from thy sight ;
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
Look down from heaven with pitying eye,
And save me that I may not die.

Watts

253. C. M.

Holy Resolutions.

- 1 OH ! that thy statutes every hour
Might dwell upon my mind ;
Thence I derive a quickening power,
There daily peace I find.
- 2 To thee before the dawning light,
My gracious God, I'll pray ;
I'll meditate thy name by night,
And keep thy law by day.
- 3 When midnight darkness veils my eyes,
I'll call thy works to mind ;
My thoughts in fervent prayer shall rise,
And sweet acceptance find.
- 4 And while I long, I hope, I wait,
For thy salvation still,
I'll make thy statutes my delight,
And love to do thy will.

Watts.

254. L. M.

Devout Aspirations.

- 1 SUPREME and universal light !
Fountain of reason ! Judge of right !
Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
On all above and all below ;
- 2 Without whose kind, directing ray,
In everlasting night we stray,
From passion still to passion tossed,
And in a maze of error lost ;

- 3 Assist us, Lord ! to act, to be,
 What thy all-holy laws decree ;
 Worthy that intellectual flame
 Which from thy breathing Spirit came.
- 4 O Father ! grace and virtue grant ;
 No more we wish, no more we want ;
 To know, to serve thee, and to love,
 Is peace below, is bliss above.

H. More.

255. L. M.

Holy Aspirations.

- 1 My God ! whose all-pervading eye
 Views earth beneath and heaven above,
 Witness if here or there thou seest
 An object worthy of my love.
- 2 Not the gay scenes, where mortal men
 Pursue their bliss and find their woe,
 Detain my heart, which upward springs,
 The nobler joys of heaven to know.
- 3 Not all the fairest sons of light
 That lead the armies round thy throne,
 Can bound its flight—it presseth on,
 And seeks its rest in God alone.
- 4 This feeble flesh shall faint and die,
 This heart renew its pulse no more,
 E'en now it views the moment nigh
 When life's last movements all are o'er.
- 5 But come, thou vanquished King of dread,
 With thy own hand thy power destroy ;
 'Tis thine to bear my soul to God,
 My portion and eternal joy.

Doddridge.

256. L. M.

Devout Aspirations.

- 1 GREAT God ! indulge my humble claim ;
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest ;
The glories that compose thy name
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 With early feet I would appear
Among thy saints and seek thy face ;
Oft have I seen thy glory there,
And felt the kindness of thy grace.
- 3 Amid the wakeful hours of night,
When weary cares afflict my head,
The thought of thee gives new delight,
And adds refreshment to my bed.
- 4 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise ;
This work shall make my heart rejoice
Through all the remnant of my days.

Watts.

257. 7s & 6es.

Aspirations for Heaven.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace ;
Rise from transitory things
Towards heaven, thy native place ;
Sun, and moon, and stars decay ;
Time shall soon the earth remove ;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire ascending seeks the sun,
Both hasting to their source ;

So the spirit, born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Soaring up to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

- 3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon the Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies.
 Yet a season, and we know
 Happy entrance will be given ;
 All our sorrows left below,
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

Rippon's Coll.

258. L. M.

Good Resolutions.

- 1 **AH**, wretched souls, who strive in vain,
 Slaves to the world and slaves to sin !
 A nobler toil may I sustain,
 A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 I would resolve, with all my heart,
 With all my powers, to serve the Lord ;
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all my joy ;
 Around let my example shine,
 Till others love the blest employ,
 And join in labors so divine.
- 4 O may I never faint, nor tire,
 Nor wander from thy sacred ways ;
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,
 And give me strength to live thy praise.

Mrs. Steele.

259. L. M.

Desire of Wisdom and Obedience.

- 1 TEACH me, O teach me, Lord, thy way ;
That, to my life's remotest day,
By thy unerring wisdom led,
My feet the paths of truth may tread.
- 2 Informed by thee, with sacred awe,
My heart shall meditate thy law ;
And, with celestial wisdom filled,
To thee its full obedience yield.
- 3 Give me to know thy word aright,
Thy word, my soul's supreme delight ;
That, raised above the world, my mind
In thee its better wealth may find.
- 4 O turn from vanity mine eye,
To me thy quickening strength supply ;
And with thy promised mercy cheer
A heart devoted to thy fear.

Merrick.

260. C. M.

Desire of Holiness.

- 1 OH that the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still ;
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will.
- 2 Oh send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart ;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the slanderer's part.

- 3 From vanity turn off my eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this heart of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, nor heart, nor hands
Offend against my God.

Watts.

261. C. M.

Prayer for Wisdom.

- 1 FATHER of light ! conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road ;
Let each advancing footstep bring
Me nearer to my God.
- 2 Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide ;
And when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path
To wisdom's better way.
- 3 That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart ;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart,
- 4 Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of light and love !
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above.

Smart.

262. C. M.

Prayer for Fervor of Devotion.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys ;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise ;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father ! and shall we ever live
At this unworthy rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle-ours.

Watts.

263. L. M.

The patience of Hope.

- 1 LORD, I am thine ; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love ;
Whate'er my trials, I would see
Thy hand in all, and bow to thee.
- 2 What sinners value, I resign ;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

- 3 This life's a dream, an empty show ;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;
When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 4 O ! glorious hour, O ! blest abode,
I shall be near, and like my God ;
And flesh and sense no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.
- 5 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound ;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

Watts.

264. L. M.

Patience and Hope.

- 1 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart ;
To ease the heavy load of care
Which nature must, but cannot bear ?
- 2 Can reason's dictates be obeyed ?
Too weak, alas, her strongest aid ;
O let religion then be nigh,
Whose consolations never die.
- 3 Her powerful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns her strong control ;
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage,
While she unfolds the sacred page.
- 4 Then, gentle Patience smiles on pain ;
Then, dying Hope revives again ;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
While Faith points upward to the sky.

Mrs. Steele.

265. C. M.

Hope in Death.

- 1 DEATH may dissolve my body now,
And bear my spirit home ;
Why do my minutes move so slow,
Nor my salvation come ?
- 2 With heavenly weapons I have fought
The battles of the Lord ;
Finished my course and kept the faith,
And wait the sure reward.
- 3 God has laid up in heaven for me
A crown which cannot fade ;
The gracious Judge at that great day
Will place it on my head.
- 4 Nor hath the King of grace decreed
This prize for me alone,
But all who love, and long to see
The appearance of his Son.
- 5 My hour is come, and o'er me now
I feel the shadows roll ;
A mortal paleness on my brow,
But glory in my soul !

Watts.

266. C. M.

The Hope of Heaven.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And angry darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at all its rage,
And face the frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all;

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of endless rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Watts.

267. C. M.

Prospect of the Christian.

1 HAPPY the man whose wishes climb
To mansions in the skies;
He looks on all the joys of time
With undesiring eyes.

2 He knows that all these fleeting things
Must yield to sure decay;
And sees on time's extended wings
How swift they pass away.

3 To things unseen by mortal eyes,
A beam of sacred light
Directs his view; his prospects rise
All permanent and bright.

4 His hopes, still fixed on joys to come,
Those blissful scenes on high,
Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
When time and nature die.

Mrs. Steele.

268. S. M.

Christian Love.

- 1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one, in Christ their head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With equal blessings crowned.
- 3 Let wrath, that child of hell,
Be banished far away,
And all in kind communion dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And all the air is love.

Beddome.

269. L. M.

The Blessing of Charity.

- 1 THRICE happy he who fears the Lord,
Loves his commands, and trusts his word ;
Honor and peace his days attend,
And blessings to his seed descend.
- 2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
To works of mercy still inclined ;
He saves the wretched from their pain,
And asks for no return again.
- 3 His hand hath cast his alms abroad,
His deeds are all before his God ;
His heart is safe from every fear,
For God with all his power is there.

- 4 His hope is anchored on the Lord,
And borrows firmness from his word ;
Amidst all darkness, light shall rise
To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.

Watts.

270. C. M.

Christian Charity.

- 1 BEHOLD, when breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands !
His weeping followers gathering round,
Receive his last commands.
- 2 From that mild Teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell !
The gentle precept which he gave,
Became its author well.
- 3 'Blest is the man whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain.
- 4 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel ;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.
- 5 Peace from the bosom of his God,
My peace, to him I give ;
And when he kneels before the throne,
His trembling soul shall live.
- 6 To him protection shall be shown ;
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The perfect law of love.'

Barbault.

271. L. M. 6l.

Charity.

- 1 O YE who seek Jehovah's face,
Bow at his throne, and feel his grace ;
Who ask in prayer and own in praise
The bounteous love which gilds your days,
Catch from above the hallowed flame ;
Be worthy of the Christian name.
- 2 Where'er distress and pain appear,
Let pity's ready hand be there ;
With cheering wine and fragrant oil
Bid languor glow and anguish smile :
Though want her lowliest form may wear,
The image of your God is there.
- 3 When He, the sovereign Judge, draws nigh,
And holds the unerring beam on high,
Then shall sweet Charity prevail,
And angels mark the sinking scale ;
Jesus shall call his followers home ;
'Ye blessed of my Father, come !'

J. Taylor.

272. L. M.

Candor and Charity.

- 1 ALL-SEEING GOD ! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;
To judge from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.
- 2 Who among men, great Lord of all,
Thy servant to his bar shall call ?
Judge him, for modes of faith, thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of woe ?

- 3 Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed ?
Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.
- 4 Correct if wrong, accept if right,
While faithful we improve our light,
Condemning none, but zealous still
To learn and follow all thy will.

Scott.

273. C. M.

Watchfulness and Prayer.

- 1 ALAS ! what hourly dangers rise !
What snares beset my way !
To heaven then let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.
- 2 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid ;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.
- 3 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
Or soon my strength will fail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up
When foes and fears prevail.
- 4 When strong temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.
- 5 Still keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And never let me go astray
From happiness and thee.

Mrs. Steele.

274. C. M.

Retirement.

- 1 FAR from the world, O Lord, I flee ;
From strife and tumult far,
From scenes where sin is waging still
Its most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree ;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.
- 3 There, if thy presence cheer the soul,
And grace her mean abode ;
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God !
- 4 There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays ;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise.

Cowper.

275. L. M.

Retirement and Meditation.

- 1 MY God ! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee ;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God and Saviour go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
Thy sovereign word can draw me thence ;
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

276, 277. CHRISTIAN AFFECTIONS.

- 4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone ;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and thee, my God, I find.

Watts.

276. L. M.

Communing with our own Hearts.

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And chase these shadowy forms no more ;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
- 2 And thou, my God, whose piercing eye
Looks through each deep and dark recess ;
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 3 Through all the windings of my heart
My search let heavenly wisdom guide ;
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be known and purified.
- 4 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe our inmost souls to cheer,
Till every grace shall join to prove
That God hath fixed his dwelling there.

Doddridge.

277. C. M.

Habitual Devotion.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled ;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,—
That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see ;
Each blessing to my soul more dear
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye without a tear
The gathering storm shall see ;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
That heart shall rest on thee.

H. M. Williams.

278. L. M.

The Believer's Unbelief.

- 1 LORD ! we have made our steadfast choice !
In Christ, the Saviour, we rejoice ;
Yet still our pleasure blends with grief,
For faith is mixed with unbelief.
- 2 His promises our hearts revive,
And keep our fainting souls alive ;
But sins, and fears, and sorrows rise,
And hide the promise from our eyes.

- 3 Father, before it quite departs,
Renew the promise in our hearts ;
Nor see that faith in ruins laid,
Which thy own gracious power hath made.
- 4 Do thou the dying spark inflame ;
Reveal the glories of thy name,
And put our anxious doubts to flight,
Like shades before the morning light.
Doddridge.

279. C. M.

The better Part.

- 1 THOU art my portion, oh my God ;
Soon as I know thy way,
My heart makes haste to obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice ;
Not all the riches of the earth
Could make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace
Are set before my eyes ;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.
- 4 Thou hast inclined this heart of mine
Thy statutes to fulfil ;
And thus, till mortal life shall end,
Would I perform thy will.

Watts.

280. L. M.

Steady Principle.

- 1 AMIDST a world of hopes and fears,
A wild of cares, and toils, and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasures kill, and glories cheat ;
- 2 Shed down, O Lord, a heavenly ray
To guide me in the doubtful way ;
And o'er me hold thy shield of power,
To guard me in the dangerous hour.
- 3 Teach me the flattering paths to shun
In which the thoughtless many run ;
Who, for a shade, the substance miss,
And grasp their ruin in their bliss.
- 4 May never pleasure, wealth or pride,
Allure my wandering soul aside ;
But through the scenes of mortal ill
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

Henry Moore.

281. C. M.

Christian Principles.

- 1 My God, my strength, my hope !
On thee I cast my care ;
With humble confidence look up
To thee, who hearest prayer.
Give me on thee to wait
Till I can all things do ;
On thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

- 2 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye ;
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
Forever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.
- 3 I rest upon thy word ;
The promise is for me ;
My help and my salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.
But let me still abide,
Nor from thy hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

Wesley's Coll.

282. C. M.

The Christian Temper.

- 1 ALMIGHTY MAKER ! Lord of all !
Of life the only spring !
Creator of unnumbered worlds !
Supreme, eternal King !
- 2 Drive from the confines of my heart
Impenitence and pride ;
Nor let me in forbidden paths
With thoughtless sinners glide.
- 3 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,
I'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.

4 Let not despair, nor fell revenge,
Be to my bosom known ;
O give me tears for others' woes,
And patience for my own.

5 Feed me with necessary food ;
I ask not wealth nor fame ;
Give me an eye to see thy will,
A heart to bless thy name.

Anonymous.

283. L. M.

Humility.

1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day,—
O, why should mortal man be proud ?

2 By doubt perplexed, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way ;
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast !
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray !

3 Follies and sins, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span ;
How ill, alas ! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man.

4 O Father, to thy suppliant give
A meek and unambitious mind ;
Content in humble worth to shine,
And peace in humble life to find.

Enfield.

284. C. M.

Zeal in the Christian Race.

1 AWAKE, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye ;
- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

Doddridge.

285. L. M.

' Seeing Him who is Invisible.

- 1 ETERNAL and immortal King,
Thy peerless splendors none can bear ;
But darkness veils seraphic eyes
When God with all his glory's there.
- 2 Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
The great Invisible can see ;
And with its tremblings mingle joy
In fixed regards, great God, to thee.
- 3 Then every tempting form of sin
Shamed in thy presence, disappears,
And all the glowing, raptured soul,
The likeness it contemplates, wears.
- 4 O, ever conscious to my heart,
Witness to its supreme desire,
Behold it presseth on to thee,
For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

- 5 This one petition would it urge,
 To bear thee ever in its sight ;
 In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
 Its only portion and delight.

Doddridge.

286. C. M.

A living and dead Faith.

- 1 MISTAKEN souls ! who dream of heaven,
 And make their empty boast
 Of inward joys and sins forgiven,
 While they are slaves to lust.
- 2 Vain are our fancy's airy flights,
 If faith be cold and dead ;
 None but a living power unites
 To Christ, the living head.
- 3 'Tis faith that changes all the heart ;
 'Tis faith which works by love ;
 That bids all sinful joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith which conquers earth and hell
 By a celestial power ;
 This is the grace which shall prevail
 In the decisive hour.

Watts.

287. S. M.

Faith without Works, dead.

- 1 As bodies when the soul is fled,
 As barren trees, decayed and dead,
 Is faith, a hopeless, lifeless thing,
 If not of righteous deeds the spring,

- 2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye, or bended knee.
- 3 In true and genuine faith, we trace
The source of every Christian grace ;
Within the pious heart it plays,
A living fount of joy and praise.
- 4 Kind deeds of peace and love betray
Where'er the stream hath found its way ;
But where these spring not, fresh and fair,
The stream has never wandered there.

Drummond.

288. L. M.

Obedience essential.

- 1 NOT he, whose baseless hope relies
On modes and forms that men devise ;
Who merely calls the Saviour, Lord,
But heeds not to perform his word ;
- 2 Not he shall tread the courts above,
The bright abodes of joy and love ;
But he whose prompt obedience shows
His wish to practise what he knows ;—
- 3 Whose heart enlarging can embrace
As brethren, all the human race ;
Who for his friends with ardor glows,
And pities and forgives his foes.
- 4 This is the man whose head shall rise,
With glory crowned, above the skies ;
Whom Jesus shall in judgment own,
And place by God's immortal throne.

Butcher.

289. L. M.

Obedience essential.

- 1 THE lifted eye and bended knee
Are but vain homage, Lord, to thee ;
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites and forms, and flaming zeal,
The breaches of thy precepts heal ?
Or fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?
- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere and to thy will resigned,
To thee, a nobler offering yields
Than fragrant groves or fertile fields.
- 4 Love God and man ; this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand ;
This did the ancient prophets teach,
This did the great Messiah preach.

Scott.

290. S. M.

Faithfulness in Duty.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky ;
- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil ;
O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

5 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thy love rely ;
Assured if I my trust betray
I shall forsaken die.

C. Wesley.

291. L. M.

A good Conscience.

- 1 WHILE some in folly's pleasures roll,
And court the joys that hurt the soul,
Be mine that silent, calm repast,
A conscience peaceful to the last.
- 2 With this companion in the shade,
My soul no more shall be dismayed ;
But fearless meet life's dreariest gloom,
And the pale monarch of the tomb.
- 3 Amidst the various scenes of ills,
Each blow some kind design fulfils ;
And can I murmur at my God,
While love supreme directs the rod ?
- 4 His hand will smooth my rugged way,
And lead me to the realms of day ;
To milder skies and brighter plains,
Where everlasting pleasure reigns.

Cotton.

292. L. M.

Peace of Conscience.

- 1 LORD, how secure and blest are they
Who feel the hope of pardoned sin ;
Though tempests shake the earth and sea,
Their minds have heaven and peace within.

- 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love ;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 They place their hopes beyond the sky,
Up where eternal ages roll ;
Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.
- 4 They know the joys that seraphs feel
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And sound the triumphs of their king.
- Watts.

293. L. M.

Peace after Trouble.

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, my Creator, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.
- 2 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat !
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 3 But oh, my God, one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will ;
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.
- 4 Then I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.

Cowper.

294. L. M.

The Happiness of Serving God.

- 1 My gracious God ! I own thy right
To every service I can pay ;
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates, and obey.
- 2 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Nor to increase my worldly good ;
Nor all my time and powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.
- 3 What is my being but for thee,
Its sure support, its glorious end ?
Thy ever smiling face to see
And serve, for such a heavenly friend.
- 4 O may our hearts thy name confess ;
And feel thy presence, and thy power
Each moment of my life to bless,
And keep me in its closing hour.

Doddridge.

295. C. M.

Spiritual Dullness.

- 1 My drowsy powers ! why sleep ye so ?
Awake, my sluggish soul ;
Nothing has half thy work to do,
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 The busy ants, for one poor grain
How earnestly they strive !
Yet we, who have a heaven to gain,
How negligent we live !

- 3 We, for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move ;
We, for whose guard the angel bands
Come flying from above ;
- 4 We, for whom God's own Son came down,
And labored for our good ;
How careless to secure a crown
He purchased with his blood.
- 5 Oh, may our active spirits move,
Our strong affections rise ;
With hands of faith, and wings of love,
We fly and take the prize.

Watts.

296. C. M.

Inconstancy in Religion lamented.

- 1 PERPETUAL Source of light and grace !
We hail thy sacred name ;
Through every year's revolving round
Thy goodness is the same.
- 2 On us, unworthy as we are,
Its blessings still it pours ;
Sure as the heavens' established course,
And plenteous as the showers.
- 3 Our former follies, Lord, we mourn ;
And now thy grace implore
To guide our often erring steps,
That we may stray no more.
- 4 Aided by energy divine,
May we more steadfast prove ;
And with determined zeal press on,
To gain thy courts above.

- 5 So, by thy power, the morning sun
Pursues his radiant way ;
Brightens each moment in his race,
And shines to perfect day.

Doddridge.

297. L. M.

Growth in Grace.

- 1 PRAISE to thy name, eternal God,
For all the peace thou shedd'st abroad ;
For all thine influence from above
To warm our souls with sacred love.
- 2 Blest be the hand, which from the skies
Brought down this plant of Paradise,
And made its heavenly branches grow
In this dark wilderness below.
- 3 But why reclines its beauteous head ?
And whither is its fragrance fled ?
Too plain, alas ! the languor shows
The unkindly soil in which it grows.
- 4 O thou, our Sun ! thy beams display,
To drive the fatal blight away ;
Nor let the frost, or blast, or storm,
Wither and rend its tender form.
- 5 And let thy sacred Spirit breathe
Fresh gales from heaven on all beneath ;
So shall they grow, and from them rise
An incense grateful to the skies.

Doddridge.

298. L. M.

Holiness and Grace.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy Gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The glorious honors of our God ;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Watts.

299. S. M.

Right of Private Judgment.

- 1 MAY we, O Lord, maintain
A meek inquiring mind ;
Assured we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.
- 2 Give us the light we need,
Our minds with knowledge fill ;
From baneful error guard our creed,
From prejudice, our will.
- 3 The truth thou shalt impart
May we with firmness own ;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

- 4 With understanding blessed,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest—
We bow to none but thee.

Scott.

300. C. M.

The Life of God in the Soul of Man.

- 1 O HAPPY Christian, who can say,
‘The life of God is mine ;’
Happy, though humbled in the dust,
Rich in the gift divine :
- 2 He lives a heavenly life below,
And shall forever live :
Eternal streams from Christ shall flow,
And endless vigor give.
- 3 That life we ask with bended knee,
Nor will the Lord deny ;
The God of grace will never see
His humble suppliants die.
- 4 That life obtained, for that alone
We wish continued breath ;
And taught by blest experience, own
That praise can live in death.

Doddridge.

SUBJECTS OF SERMONS.

301. 8s & 7s.

Divine Love.

- 1 LOVE divine ! all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father, thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in thee inherit,
Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, Almighty to deliver,
Grant thy presence to our heart ;
Graciously descend, and never
From thy temple, Lord, depart.

Wesley's Coll.

302. L. M.

The Bounties of Providence acknowledged.

- 1 FATHER of light, we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day ;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame
His beams thy power and love display.

- 2 Fountain of good ! from thee proceeds
 In copious drops the genial rain,
 Which o'er the hills and through the meads
 Revives the grass and swells the grain.
- 3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread ;
 Yet thousands of our guilty race,
 Though by thy daily bounty fed,
 Despise thy law—reject thy grace.
- 4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
 O'erlook the tokens of thy care ;
 But what thy liberal hand imparts,
 Still own in praise, and ask in prayer.
- Doddridge.

303. L. M.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 STAND up, my soul ! shake off thy fears,
 And gird the gospel armor on ;
 March to the gates of endless joy,
 Where thy ascended Saviour's gone.
- 2 Sin and the world resist thy course ;
 Sin and the world are vanquished foes ;
 For Jesus nailed them to the cross,
 And sang the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,
 Press forward to the heavenly gate ;
 There peace and joy eternal reign,
 And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall they wear a starry crown,
 And triumph in Almighty grace ;
 While all the armies of the skies
 Join in their glorious Leader's praise.

Watts.

304. L. M.

The Christian Warfare.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes,
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a numerous host ;—
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant Danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale, terrific bands ;
There Pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captives led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;
Perils and snares beset thee round :
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

Barbault.

305. S. M.

The Weak strengthened.

- 1 YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take ;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Let every chord awake.
- 2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home ;
And nearer to our house above,
We every moment come.
- 3 His grace will, to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine,
Nor present things, nor things to come
Shall quench the love divine.

4 Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control ;
His loving kindness shall break through
The darkness of the soul.

5 Blest is the man, O God,
Who stays himself on thee ;
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

Toplady.

306. L. M.

God strengthens the Weak.

- 1 Now let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song ;
His shield is spread o'er every saint,
And, thus supported, who shall faint ?
- 2 Behold the works his hand hath wrought !
The great salvation he hath brought :
And still the guardian care of heaven
Secures the blessings he hath given.
- 3 Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportioned to the day ;
And where united perils meet,
Will show a path of safe retreat.
- 4 In thee we trust, Almighty Lord,
A powerful rescue to afford ;
Still be thy mighty arm made bare,
For all thy servant's hopes are there.

Doddridge.

307. C. M.

The Way to Zion.

- 1 INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill ;
And thither set your steady face,
With deep, determined will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pilgrimage to join ;
And spread the sentiments you feel,
Of faith and love divine.
- 3 Come, let us join our souls to God
In everlasting bands,
And seize the blessings he bestows,
With eager hearts and hands.
- 4 So shall our rising offspring learn
To love their fathers' God,
And never leave the happy way
Their youthful feet have trod.

Doddridge.

308. C. M.

Travellers in Life.

- 1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliverer sing ;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair way his hand hath raised,
How holy and how plain !
The simplest traveller need not err,
Nor seek the track in vain.
- 3 No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound ;
But pleasure, safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

4 A hand divine shall guide your feet
 Along the blissful road,
 Till, on the sacred mount you see
 The glory of your God.

5 There, garlands of immortal joy
 Shall bloom on every head,
 While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
 Like shadows, all are fled.

Doddridge.

309. C. M.

The Christian Pilgrimage.

1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground ;
 We seek that promised soil ;
 The songs of Zion cheer our hearts
 While strangers here we toil.

2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
 And oft are bathed in tears ;
 But only heaven our hopes can raise,
 And sin alone, our fears.

3 We tread the path our Master trod ;
 We bear the cross he bore ;
 And every thorn that wounds our feet
 His temples pierced before.

4 Our powers are oft dissolved away
 In ecstasies of love ;
 And while our bodies wander here
 Our souls are fixed above.

5 We purge our mortal dross away,
 Refining as we run ;
 And while we die to earth and sense,
 Our heaven is here begun.

Barbault.

310. C. M.

Wisdom's Ways.

- 1 O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.
- 2 Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than East or West unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all the gain of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years ;
And in her left the prize of fame,
And honor, bright appears.
- 4 She guides the young, with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as new labors rise
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Scotch Paraph.

311. C. M.

The Way of the Righteous happy.

- 1 MY God, the steps of pious men
Are ordered by thy will ;
Though they should fall they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.
- 2 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
Their portion, and their home ;
God feeds them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.

- 3 For them, when earthly streams are low,
 And mortal comforts die,
 Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
 And raise their pleasures high.
- 4 Though all created light decay,
 And death seal up their eyes;
 Thy presence makes eternal day
 Spring upward in the skies.
- 5 Beyond the heaven's created rounds
 Their glorious hopes extend;
 Their life outlasts the narrow bounds
 Where time and nature end.

Watts.

312. L. M.

Christian Race.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls—away our fears,
 Let every trembling thought be gone;
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a straight and narrow road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint;
 But they forget the mighty God,
 Who feeds the strength of every saint;
- 3 The mighty God! whose matchless power
 Is ever new, and ever young;
 And firm endures while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
 While such as trust their native strength
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Watts.

313. C. M.

The Soldier of the Cross.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross ?
A follower of the Lamb ?
And shall I fear to plead his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to earn the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas ?
- 3 No ! we must fight if we would reign ;
Increase our courage, Lord !
We'll meet the toil, and bear the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 4 Through all the warfare of our life,
We'll tread resistance down ;
And they that perish in the strife
Shall wear the martyr's crown.
- 5 Then, in the dawn of life divine,
When all the dead shall rise,
The soldier of the cross shall shine
Victorious, in the skies.

Watts.

314. C. M.

The Christian Warrior.

- 1 THROUGH sorrow's night and danger's way,
Amid the deepening gloom,
The soldiers of an injured king
Are marching to the tomb.

- 2 There, when the wars of life are past,
And all their powers decay,
Their cold remains, in solitude
Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Their service done, securely laid
In this their last retreat,
Unheeded o'er their silent dust
The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 Yet not thus lifeless in the grave
The vital spark shall lie ;
O'er nature's ruins it shall rise,
To reach its kindred sky.
- 5 Then heaven's soft dew o'er every eye
Shall shed its mildest rays ;
And the long silent dust shall wake
In strains of endless praise.

Kirke White.

315. C. M.

The Christian's Life.

- 1 A SOLDIER's course, from battles won
To new-commencing strife—
A pilgrim's, restless as the sun,
Is like the Christian's life.
- 2 O let us seek the heavenly home
Revealed in God's own word ;
The land where pilgrims never roam,
Where warriors sheathe the sword :
- 3 Where never more shall grief or death
Disturb the Saviour's reign,
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy realm profane :

- 4 Where suns and moons no more are known,
Nor night's alternate sway,
But where Jehovah's radiant throne
Maintains perpetual day :
- 5 Where they who meet shall never part—
Where grace completes the plan ;
And God, uniting every heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

Gisborne.

316. C. M.

Divine Blessings.

- 1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty, shine ;
Oh let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine.
- 2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent ;
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labors cease ;
And Heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace.

Doddridge.

317, 318. SUBJECTS OF SERMONS.

317. L. M.

Prayer for Divine Blessings.

- 1 **ETERNAL FATHER !** we confess
The wonders of thy heavenly grace ;
Oh, send thy Spirit from above,
To warm our hearts with holier love.
- 2 Enlightened by thy heavenly ray
Our shades and darkness turn to day :
Thy inward teachings make us know
The source whence all our blessings flow.
- 3 Thy power and glory work within,
And break the chains of reigning sin ;
Our raging passions they subdue,
And form our wretched souls anew.
- 4 The troubled conscience knows thy voice :
Thy cheering word revives our joys :
Thy words allay the stormy wind,
And calm the surges of the mind.

Watts.

318. S. M.

Human Ingratitude.

- 1 Is this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe ;
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow ?
- 2 To what a hardened frame
Has sin reduced our mind ;
What erring, guilty children we,
And God ! how wondrous kind !
- 3 On us he bids the sun
Pour his reviving rays ;
For us the heavens their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

4 Turn, turn us, mighty God !
And form our souls afresh ;
Oh take away these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh :

5 Then past ingratitude
Shall fill our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Shall hourly thanks arise.

Watts.

319. L. M. 6l.

Imploring Protection through Life.

1 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Father, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend ;
Teach me thy statutes all divine,
And let thy holy will be mine.

2 When each day's scenes and labors close,
And weary nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, O Father, while I rest ;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labors done,
Father, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed ;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

Christian Psalmist.

320, 321. SUBJECTS OF SERMONS.

320. L. M.

Imploring help of God.

- 1 BE with me, Lord, where'er I go ;
Teach me what thou would'st have me do ;
Show me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all from thee.
- 2 Enrich me with thy heavenly love ;
My kind protection ever prove ;
Thy signet place upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.
- 3 Assist and teach me how to pray ;
Incline my nature to obey ;
From each unworthy path to flee,
And only love what pleases thee.
- 4 O, may I make thy pleasure mine,
And yield my own desires to thine ;
Let all my time, and all my ways,
Be spent and ended in thy praise.

Christian Psalmist.

321. C. M.

Divine aid implored through Life.

- 1 THINE influence, mighty God, is felt
Through nature's ample round ;
In heaven, in earth, in seas and skies,
Thy sacred presence found.
- 2 Thy sacred influence, Lord, we need,
While journeying here below ;
O, cleanse our souls from every sin,
And thy salvation show.

- 3 Father of light ! thy aid impart
 To guide us in our way ;
 Thy truth shall scatter every cloud,
 And make a glorious day.
- 4 Supported by thy heavenly grace,
 We'll do and bear thy will ;
 Thy grace shall make each burden light,
 And every murmur still.

Salisbury Coll.

322. 8s & 7s.

Light implored.

- 1 LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and all thy love revealing,
 Dissipate the clouds beneath.
 Thou, the heaven and earth's Creator,
 In our deepest darkness rise ;
 Scattering all the night of nature,
 Pouring brightness on our eyes.
- 2 Still we wait for thy appearing,
 Life and joy thy beams impart,
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor, benighted heart.
 Visit us in kind compassion ;
 Every burdened heart release ;
 With the day-spring of salvation,
 Guide us into perfect peace.

Anonymous.

323. L. M. 6 l.

Prayer for Spiritual Light.

- 1 WHILE here, as wandering sheep we stray,
 Teach us, O teach us, Lord, thy way ;

Dispose our hearts, with sacred awe,
To love thy word, to keep thy law ;
That, by thy guiding footsteps led,
Our feet the paths of truth may tread.

- 2 Great Source of light to all below !
Teach us thy holy will to know ;
Teach us to read thy word aright,
And make it our supreme delight.
In every heart let wisdom shine,
And give us purity divine.
- 3 Maker, Instructor, Judge of all !
O hear us when on thee we call ;
Since inward truth thy laws require,
That inward truth, O Lord, inspire ;
Preserve us in thy holy ways,
And teach our hearts to speak thy praise.

Merrick.

324. L. M.

Imploring Strength and Safety.

- 1 MY Gracious God ! whose changeless love
To me, nor time nor death can part ;
When shall my feet forget to rove ?
Ah ! what shall fix this faithless heart ?
- 2 Cold, weary, languid, heartless, dead,
To thy dread courts I oft repair ;
By conscience dragged, or custom led,
I come, nor know that God is there.
- 3 O God ! thy sovereign aid impart,
To guard the gifts thyself hast given ;
For thou my only treasure art,
My life, my happiness, my heaven.

- 4 Would aught with thee my wishes share,
 Though dear as life the idol be,
 The idol from my breast I'd tear,
 And render all my heart to thee.

Chr. Psalmist.

325. L. M.

Prayer for Mercy.

- 1 My righteous Judge, my gracious God,
 Hear when I spread my hands abroad ;
 And when I bow beneath thy throne,
 O make thy truth and mercy known.
- 2 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
 The path in which my feet should go ;
 My heart is faint, and dim my eye,
 Make haste to help before I die.
- 3 Teach me to do thy holy will,
 And lead me to thy heavenly hill ;
 Let the good angel of thy love
 Conduct me to thy courts above.
- 4 There shall my soul no more complain
 Beneath temptation's heavy chain ;
 And sin, that was my foe before,
 Shall never try my spirit more.

Watts.

326. L. M.

For Guardianship and Guidance.

- 1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
 The darkness shineth as the light ;
 Search, prove my heart, it longs for thee ;
 O burst these bonds and set it free.

2 If in the wilderness I stray,
 Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
 No foes, no violence I fear,
 While thou, my guardian God, art near.

3 When my heart sinks in waves of woe,
 And rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 O God, thy timely aid impart,
 To raise my head, and cheer my heart ;

4 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day ;
 Till grief, and toil, and sorrow cease,
 And all be calm, and joy and peace.

Moravian.

327. C. M.

God speaking peace.

1 UNITE, my roving thoughts, unite,
 In silence, soft and sweet ;
 And thou, my soul, sit softly down,
 At thy great sovereign's feet.

2 Jehovah's awful voice is heard ;
 Yet gladly I attend ;
 For he, the everlasting Lord,
 Proclaims himself my friend.

3 Harmonious accents to my soul
 The sounds of peace convey ;
 The tempest at his word subsides,
 The winds and waves obey.

4 O may that voice persuade my soul
 To give its follies o'er ;
 And, charmed by melody divine,
 To grieve his love no more.

Doddridge.

328. L. M.

God shining into the Heart.

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless might,
With uncreated glories bright ;
His presence gilds the worlds above,
The unchanging source of light and love.
- 2 Our rising earth his eye beheld,
When in substantial darkness veiled ;
“ Let there be light,” Jehovah said,
And light o’er all its face was spread.
- 3 He sees the mind when low it lies
In shades of ignorance and vice ;
He darts from heaven a vivid ray,
And changes midnight into day.
- 4 Shine, mighty God ! with vigor shine
In this benighted heart of mine ;
Till, waking in the heavenly day,
Thy radiant image it display.

Doddridge.

329. L. M.

God tries our Ways.

- 1 THY piercing eye, O God, surveys
The various windings of our ways :
Teach us their tendencies to know,
And judge the paths in which we go.
- 2 How wild, how wayward have they been ;
How far within the bounds of sin :
With all the light we vainly boast,
Without thy guidance we are lost.
- 3 How much we need thy heavenly aid ;
How far our wandering feet have strayed :
Oh, may we never search in vain,
But find the narrow path again.

330, 331. SUBJECTS OF SERMONS.

- 4 Shine, and that path of life reveal ;
Conduct us to thy heavenly hill ;
No longer from thee let us roam,
But bring the weary wanderers home.

Doddridge.

330. C. M.

The Divine Presence.

- 1 To thee, my God, my days are known ;
My soul enjoys the thought :
My actions are before thy face,
Nor are my thoughts forgot.
- 2 The vacant hour, the active scene,
Thy mercies shall approve ;
And every pang of sympathy,
And every care of love.
- 3 Each secret wish devotion breathes
Is vocal to thine ear ;
And all my walks of daily life
Before thine eye appear.
- 4 Each golden hour of beaming light
Is gilded by thy rays ;
And dark affliction's midnight gloom
A present God surveys.
- 5 Full in thy view through life I pass,
And in thy view I die ;
And when each mortal bond is broke,
Shall meet my God on high.

Doddridge.

331. L. M.

Divine Instruction.

- 1 BRIGHT Source of intellectual rays ;
Father of spirits and of grace,

Send down, with energy unknown,
Celestial beamings from thy throne.

- 2 Thy sacred book would we survey,
Enlightened with that heavenly day ;
And read the lessons of thy word,
To teach our souls to know the Lord.
- 3 So shall our children learn the road
That leads them to their fathers' God ;
And, formed by lessons so divine,
Shall infant minds with knowledge shine.
- 4 Thus shall the haughtiest souls submit,
Till all are humbled at thy feet ;
The noisy swell of pride shall cease,
And all be everlasting peace.

Doddridge.

332. 7s.

Psalm 42d.

- 1 As the hart, with eager looks,
Panteth for the water-brooks,
So my soul, athirst for thee,
Pants the living God to see :
When, O when, with filial fear,
Lord, shall I to thee draw near ?
- 2 For in happier times, I went
Where the multitude frequent :
I, with them, was wont to bring
Homage to thy courts, my King ;
I, with them, was wont to raise
Festal hymns on holy days.
- 3 Why art thou cast down, my soul ?
God, thy God, shall make thee whole :

Why art thou disquieted ?
 God shall lift thy fallen head ;
 And his countenance benign,
 Be the saving health of thine.

Montgomery.

333. L. M.

Divine Support.

- 1 UP to the heavens I send my cry ;
 The Lord will my desires perform ;
 He sends his angels from the sky,
 And saves me from the threatening storm.
- 2 Be thou exalted, O my God !
 Above the heavens where angels dwell ;
 Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.
- 3 My heart is fixed ; my song shall raise
 Immortal honors to thy name ;
 Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,—
 My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 4 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
 And reaches to the utmost sky ;
 His truth to endless years remains,
 Though lower worlds dissolve and die.

Watts.

334. C. M.

Divine Presence and Support.

- 1 AND art thou with us, gracious Lord,
 To calm our rising fear ?
 And dost thou call thyself our God,
 Our God forever near ?

- 2 Doth that right hand that formed the earth,
And bears up all the skies,
Reach from on high its friendly aid,
When dangers round us rise ?
- 3 And can a heavenly Father feel
For children weak as we ?
Thou hearest when we breathe our prayer,
In deep distress to thee.
- 4 On this support my soul shall lean,
And banish every care ;
The gloomy vale of death is bright,
If God be with me there.

Doddridge.

335. C. M.

Comfort in Trouble.

- 1 WHEN floods of grief assail the mind,
And o'er the spirit roll,
Where shall the mourner comfort find,
To calm his troubled soul ?
- 2 Lord, thou hast said, Seek ye my face ;
And shall we seek in vain ?
And will the ear of sovereign grace
Be closed when we complain ?
- 3 Oh no! the ear of sovereign grace
Will always hear the prayer,
When mourners seek their Father's face,
To breathe their sorrows there.
- 4 Thy Spirit heals the troubled soul
With guilty fears oppressed ;
Thy Spirit makes the wounded whole,
And gives the weary rest.

Christian Psalmist.

336. C. M.

God our Shepherd.

- 1 AND will the Majesty of heaven
Accept us for his sheep?
And with a shepherd's tender care
His wandering children keep?
- 2 And will he spread his guardian arm
Round our defenceless head?
And cause us gently to lie down
In his reviving shade?
- 3 And will he lead our weary souls
To that delightful scene,
Where rivers of salvation run
Through pastures ever green?
- 4 Oh how can tongues of feeble clay
Proclaim such love divine?
What thanks can mortal men repay
For favors vast as thine?

Doddridge.

337. C. M.

God the Salvation of his People.

- 1 How long shall dreams of earthly bliss
Our flattering hopes employ,
And mock our fond, deluded eyes,
With visionary joy?
- 2 Why from the mountains and the hills
Is our salvation sought,
While our eternal Rock's disowned,
And Israel's God forgot?
- 3 The living spring neglected flows
Full in our daily view,
Yet we, with anxious, fruitless toil,
Our broken cisterns hew.

- 4 These fatal errors, gracious God,
 With gentle pity see ;
 To thee our roving eyes direct,
 And fix our hearts on thee.

Doddridge.

338. C. M.

God our everlasting Light.

- 1 YE golden lamps of heaven, farewell !
 With all your feeble light ;
 Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
 Pale empress of the night !
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
 In brighter flames arrayed,
 My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
 No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars, are but the shining dust
 Of my divine abode ;
 The pavement of those heavenly courts,
 Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
 Shall there his beams display,
 Nor shall one moment's darkness blend
 With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief
 Shall swell into mine eyes ;
 No more the noonday sun decline
 Amid those brighter skies.

Doddridge.

339. L. M.

God the Preserver of our Lives.

- 1 God of my life ! thy constant care
 With blessings crowns each opening year ;

- These lives so frail thy love prolongs,
Be this the burden of my songs.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since, from this day, the changing sun
Through his last yearly course has run.
- 3 We yet survive, but who can say,
Or through the year, or month, or day,
He shall retain his vital breath,
Secure from all the shafts of death ?
- 4 We hold our lives from thee alone,
On earth, or in the worlds unkown ;
To thee our spirits we resign,
Make them and own them all as thine.
- Doddridge.

340. L. M.

The better part.

- 1 BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path we stand ;
Father divine ! diffuse thy light
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.
- 2 Oh, may this roving, treacherous heart,
Like Mary, choose the better part,
And scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys which none can take away.
- 3 And let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies ;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.
- 4 If thou, my Father, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and calmly die ;

Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

Doddridge.

341. C. M.

Jacob's Vow.

- 1 O God of Jacob, by whose hand
Thine Israel still is fed ;
Who, through this weary pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led ;
- 2 To thee our humble vows we raise,
To thee address our prayers ;
And in thy kind and faithful breast
Deposit all our cares.
- 3 If thou, through each perplexing path,
Wilt be our constant guide,
If thou wilt daily bread supply,
And raiment wilt provide :
- 4 If thou wilt spread thy shield around,
Till these our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace ;
- 5 To thee, as to our covenant God,
We'll our whole selves resign ;
And count, that not our lips alone,
But all our lives are thine.

Doddridge.

342. C. M.

The Bands of Love.

- 1 My God, what silken cords are thine !
How soft, and yet how strong !
Thy power, and truth, and love, combine
To lead our souls along.

- 2 The guilt of twice ten thousand sins
 Thy mercy takes away ;
 Thy grace, when first the war begins,
 Secures the crowning day.
- 3 Comfort through all this vale of tears
 In rich profusion flows,
 And glory, through unnumbered years,
 Thy sacred word bestows.
- 4 Drawn by such cords, our hearts shall move,
 Till round thy throne we meet ;
 And, captive in the willing chain,
 We fall before thy feet.

Doddridge.

343. C. M.

The acceptable Offering.

- 1 WHEREWITH shall we approach the Lord,
 And bow before his throne ?
 Or how procure his kind regard,
 And for our sins atone ?
- 2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
 And fragrant clouds ascend ?
 Will these our earnest wish succeed,
 And make our God our friend ?
- 3 Let no such hopes our souls delude ;
 Such pompous rites are vain ;
 But God hath shown us what is good,
 And how his love to gain.
- 4 To men their rights we must allow,
 And proofs of kindness give ;
 To God, with humble reverence bow,
 And to his glory live.

SUBJECTS OF SERMONS. 344, 345.

- 5 Not bended knees and lifted eyes,
But open hearts and hands—
These are the daily sacrifice
The God of heaven demands.

Browne.

344. 7s.

The accepted Sacrifice.

- 1 LORD ! what offering shall we bring,
At thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts—the pure, unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow :
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
In the melting eye expressed :
Sympathy—at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast :

- 2 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Heal the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind,
Charity, with liberal store :
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind ;
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

J. Taylor.

345. C. M.

Secret Devotion.

- 1 FATHER divine ! thy piercing eye
Looks through the shades of night ;
In deep retirement thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 O may that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid
With every early morning ray,
And every evening shade.

346, 347. SUBJECTS OF SERMONS.

- 3 I'll leave behind each earthly care ;
 To thee my soul shall soar,
 With grateful praise and fervent prayer,
 Thy goodness to adore.
- 4 O hear us, Father, when to thee
 Our secret steps return ;
 And, kindled by the heavenly fire,
 Let fragrant incense burn.

Doddridge.

346. C. M.

The Saint's Rest.

- 1 LORD ! I believe a rest remains,
 To all thy people known ;
 A rest, where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art loved alone ;
- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
 Is fixed on things above ;
 Where sin, and fear, and grief expire,
 Cast out by perfect love :—
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
 Believe, and enter in !
 Now, Father, now the power bestow,
 And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove all hardness from my heart,
 All unbelief remove ;
 To me the rest of faith impart,
 The Sabbath of thy love.

Wesley's Coll.

347. L. M.

Rest to the weary Soul.

- 1 COME, weary souls, with sin distressed,
 Come, and accept the promised rest ;
 Your Father's gracious call obey,
 And cast your dreary fears away.

- 2 Oppressed with guilt, a heavy load,
Draw near to his divine abode ;
Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt and heal your woes.
- 3 Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart ;
We come with trembling, but rejoice,
And bless the kind, inviting voice.
- 4 O Father, let thy word of love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove ;
Its influence shed in every breast,
And lead us to eternal rest.

Mrs. Steele.

348. C. M.

The guiding Star.

- 1 BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild and welcome ray,
The Magians to the lowly shed
Where the Redeemer lay.
- 2 But, lo ! a brighter, clearer light,
Is burning in his word ;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To lead us to the Lord.
- 3 O haste to follow where it leads ;
The gracious call obey ;
And bless the radiance that it sheds
O'er all thy earthly way.
- 4 And tread the straight and narrow path
While light and grace are given :
For they who follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with him in heaven.

Spirit of the Psalms.

349, 350. SUBJECTS OF SERMONS.

349. 7s.

Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 SONS of men ! behold from far,
Hail the long expected star !
Star of truth, that gilds the night,
Guiding weary wanderers right.
- 2 Mild it shines on all beneath,
Piercing through the shades of death ;
Scattering error's dreary night,
Kindling darkness into light.
- 3 Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your Lord appear ;
Haste, for him your hearts prepare ;
Meet him manifested there.
- 4 There behold the day-spring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes ;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day.

Anonymous.

350. L. M.

The Sun of Righteousness.

- 1 My God ! assist me while I raise
An anthem of harmonious praise ;
My heart thy wonders shall proclaim,
And spread its banner in thy name.
- 2 When gloomy shades my soul o'erspread,
“ Let there be light,” the Almighty said ;
And Christ our Sun his beams displays,
And scatters round celestial rays.
- 3 Our souls were darkened o'er with sin,
And lo ! his grace hath made them clean ;

SUBJECTS OF SERMONS. 351, 352.

He saves us now from every foe,
And full redemption will bestow.

- 4 Ye saints, assist our grateful tongue ;
Ye angels, warble back the song ;
For love like this demands the praise
Of golden harps and heavenly days.

Doddridge.

351. L. M.

The healing Stream.

- 1 GREAT Source of being and of love !
Thou waterest all the worlds above ;
And all the joys that mortals know,
From thy exhaustless fountain flow.
- 2 The sacred fountain, Lord, is found,
That springs from out the thirsty ground ;
Through desert realms its fountains play,
And scatter blessings all the way.
- 3 To the dead sea its waters flow,
And carry healing where they go ;
The sea and shore its power confess,
And all the sacred fountain bless.
- 4 Flow, wondrous stream, with glory crowned,
Flow on to earth's remotest bound ;
And bear us on thy gentle wave,
To him who all thy virtues gave.

Doddridge.

352. L. M.

The living Water.

- 1 OUR Father ! Source of grace divine !
What soul-refreshing streams are thine ;

- Oh, bring these healing waters nigh,
Before our spirits droop and die.
- 2 No traveller through desert lands,
Midst scorching suns and burning sands,
Can more desire the falling rain,
Or pant the cooling stream to gain.
- 3 Our longing souls aloud would sing,
Spring up, celestial fountain, spring !
To a broad river's spreading flow,
And cheer this thirsty land below.
- 4 The fruits and flowers of paradise
Around the winding current rise ;
And near that stream may I be found,
Long as I tread this earthly ground.
- Doddridge.

353. L. M.

One thing needful.

- 1 WHY should we lavish out our years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares ?
While, in this various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot ?
- 2 Why should we chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind ?
While angels look with sorrow down
To see us spurn the heavenly crown.
- 3 The Eternal God calls from above,
The Saviour pleads his dying love,
Awakened conscience gives us pain ;
And shall these pleas unite in vain ?

- 4 Not so the dying eye shall view
The pleasures which we now pursue ;
Not so eternity appear
When the decisive hour is near.
- 5 Almighty Power ! thine aid impart
To fix conviction on the heart :
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.
Doddridge.

354. S. M.

The Call of Wisdom.

- 1 HARK ! for 'tis Wisdom's voice
That breathes a gentle sound ;
Listen, ye sons of earth and sin,
And gather all around.
- 2 Ye that have wandered long
In sin's destructive ways,
Return, the heavenly charmer cries,
And take the offered grace.
- 3 Your spirits are but weak,
And mortal efforts vain,
To strive against the tempting world,
And break its mighty chain.
- 4 My Spirit shall pour down
Its influence from above,
To arm you with superior strength,
And warm your hearts with love.
- 5 Come, while the offers last,
Ye sinners, and be wise ;
He lives, who hears the friendly call,
While he who slights it, dies.
Doddridge.

355. L. M.

The broad Road.

- 1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there ;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.
- 2 'Deny thyself, and take thy cross,'
Is the Redeemer's great command ;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain the heavenly land.
- 3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.
- 4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;
Create my heart entirely new ;
This, hypocrites did ne'er attain,
This, false apostates never knew.

Watts.

356. L. M.

Heaven.

- 1 WHEN all the hours of life are past,
And death's dark shadow falls at last,
It is not sleep—it is not rest—
'Tis glory opening to the blest.
- 2 Their mighty Master bids them rise
To radiant mansions in the skies,
Where each shall wear a robe of light
Like his, divinely fair and bright.
- 3 Angels shall now unite their prayers
With those of spirits blessed as theirs ;
And light shall gild their heavenly crown
From suns that never more go down.

SUBJECTS OF SERMONS. 357, 358.

4 No storms shall ride the troubled air,
No sounds of passion enter there ;
But all be peaceful as the sigh
Of evening gales that breathe and die.

5 There, parted friends again shall meet,
In union, holy, calm and sweet ;
And earthly sorrow, fear and pain,
Shall never reach their hearts again.

357. L. M.

Christian Privileges.

- 1 How many millions draw their breath
In lands of ignorance and death,
While God appoints my share of time
Within his gospel's favored clime !
- 2 Shall I receive this grace in vain ?
Shall I this high vocation stain ?
Away, ye works in darkness wrought ;
Away, each sensual, earthly thought.
- 3 My soul ! I charge thee to excel
In thinking right and acting well ;
Heighten the force of good desire ;
To deeds of shining worth aspire.
- 4 Strong and more strong thy passions rule,
Advancing still in virtue's school ;
Contending still, with noble strife,
To imitate thy Saviour's life.

Scott.

358. L. M.

Christian Friendship.

- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet, according minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one !

- 2 To each the soul of each how dear,
 What jealous love, what holy fear !
 How doth the generous flame within
 Refine from earth and cleanse from sin !
- 4 Together both they seek the place
 Where God reveals his awful face ;
 How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
 There's none but kindred souls can tell.
- 4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire
 When Nature droops her sickening fire ;
 Then shall they meet in realms above,
 A heaven of joy—because of love.

Barbault.

359. L. M.

Imploring Mercy.

- 1 O TURN, great Ruler of the skies,
 Turn from my sins thy searching eyes ;
 Nor let the offences of my hand
 Within thy book recorded stand.
- 2 Thy suppliant's voice attentive weigh ;
 And bid thy bright and heavenly ray,
 With healing influence on me rise,
 Ere death's dark slumber close my eyes.
- 3 Shall death's long silent tongue, O say,
 The records of thy grace display ;
 Or pale corruption's startled ear
 Thy voice within its prison hear ?
- 4 O let thy Spirit to my heart
 Its comfort and its aid impart ;
 My mind from every fear release,
 And sooth my troubled thoughts to peace.

Merrick.

360. S. M.

Sins forgiven.

- 1 OH ! happy souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er ;
Divinely blessed ! to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.
- 2 They mourn their follies past ;
They keep their hearts with care ;
They live, devoted to the Power,
That saves them from despair.
- 3 When we concealed our guilt,
We felt a painful wound ;
Till we confessed our sins to thee,
And free forgiveness found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray ;
Let saints keep near the throne ;
Their help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

Watts.

361. C. M.

Mercy to the Penitent.

- 1 O THOU, the wretched's sure retreat !
Who dost our cares control,
And with the cheerful smile of peace
Revive the fainting soul ;
- 2 Did ever, Lord, thy gracious ear
The contrite prayer disdain ?
Or when did misery humbly sigh,
Or supplicate in vain ?
- 3 Oppressed with grief and shame, dissolved
In penitential tears,
Thy goodness calms our anxious doubts,
And dissipates our fears.

362, 363. SUBJECTS OF SERMONS.

- 4 New life from thy refreshing grace
The fainting heart receives ;
O may we never more offend
The God who thus forgives.

Mrs. Carter.

362. 7s.

Freedom from Error, Folly, and Sin.

- 1 **BLEST** Instructor, from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays ?
Save from error's growth the mind ;
Leave not, Lord, one root behind.
- 2 Save us from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within our heart's disguise ;
Let our hearts, by thee renewed,
Each presumptuous sin exclude.
- 3 Let our tongues, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee ;
To thine all-discerning eyes,
Let our thoughts accepted rise.
- 4 While we thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear ;
God, our strength, propitious hear.

Merrick.

363. C. M.

Mercy to the Afflicted.

- 1 **GREAT** Ruler of all nature's frame,
We own thy power divine ;
We hear thy breath in every storm,
For all the winds are thine.

- 2 Wide as they sweep the sounding way,
They work thy sovereign will ;
And awed by thy majestic voice,
Their wildest gales are still.
- 3 Thy mercy tempers every blast
To them that seek thy face ;
And mingles with the tempest's roar,
The whispers of thy grace.
- 4 Those gentle whispers let me hear,
Till all the tumult cease ;
And gales of Paradise shall calm
My weary soul to peace.

Doddridge.

364. L. M.

Blessing of Affliction.

- 1 FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand ;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
Which forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God.
- 2 Foolish and vain, I went astray,
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord !
I left my guide, and lost my way,
But now I love, and keep thy word.
- 3 Great is thy love, and large thy grace ;
The mercy promised through thy Son,
Which turns our feet from sinful ways,
And pardons what our hands have done.
- 4 Thy light and truth shall guide me still ;
Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
And lead me to thine holy hill,
My God ! my most exceeding joy !

Watts.

365. C. M.

Light out of Darkness.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are full of mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Cowper.

366. L. M.

The Gospel our Light.

- 1 WHEN Israel through the desert passed,
A fiery pillar went before,
To guide them through the dreary waste,
And lighten the fatigues they bore.
- 2 Such is thy glorious word, O God ;
'Tis for our light and guidance given ;
It sheds a lustre all abroad,
And shows the upward path to heaven.
- 3 It fills the spirit with delight,
And quickens our inactive powers ;
It leads our wandering footsteps right,
Displays thy love, and kindles ours.

- 4 O may it be our cloud by day,
Our fire amidst the evening gloom;
And light and lead us all the way
In which we travel to the tomb.

Beddome.

367. C. M.

Light to the Soul.

- 1 How blest thy creature is, O God,
When, with a single eye,
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high.
- 2 Behold, through storms that veil the skies,
And frown on earthly things,
The Sun of righteousness arise,
With healing in his wings.
- 3 The glorious light whose golden beams
The fruitful year control,
Since first obedient to thy word,
His orb began to roll,
- 4 Has cheered the nations with the joys
His radiant beams impart;
But, Jesus, 'tis thy light alone,
Can shine upon the heart.

Cowper.

368. C. M.

Scripture Examples.

- 1 RISE, O my soul ! pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

- 2 Though dead, they speak in reason's ear,
And in example live ;
Their faith, and hope, and mighty deeds,
Still fresh instruction give.
- 3 Confiding in thy heavenly strength,
They conquered every foe ;
To thy almighty power and grace,
Their crowns of life they owe.
- 4 Lord, may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given ;
And never wander from the road
That led them safe to heaven.

Needham.

369. C. M.

The Example of Jesus and his Servants.

- 1 GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above—how great their joys,
How bright their glories be !
- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
Their eyes were dim with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we would now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.
- 3 I asked them whence their victory came ;
They, with united breath,
Ascribed their triumph to the Lamb,
Who burst the bands of death.
- 4 They marked the footsteps that he trod ;
His zeal inspired their breast ;
And following their ascended Lord,
They reached the promised rest.

SUBJECTS OF SERMONS. 370, 371.

- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his example given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Watts.

370. L. M.

Abiding in Christ.

- 1 FROM Christ, my Lord, shall I depart,
And rase his image from my heart ?
Forsake the beams of heavenly day,
And follow nature's feeble ray ?
- 2 Treasures of power, and grace divine,
United, in my Saviour shine ;
No other name but his is given,
To lead us to the joys of heaven.
- 3 The living bread his hands bestow ;
The living waters round him flow ;
And shall I from the fountain fly,
And in the parching desert die ?
- 4 Forbid it, Author of my frame ;
Great God, from whom my spirit came ;
Thy Son can endless life bestow ;
To whom but him, then, should I go ?

Christian Reformer.

371. S. M.

Follow me.

- 1 CHILDREN of God ! arise,
Awake, and understand ;
The world's deluding joys despise,
For those at God's right hand.

- 2 There is your happy place,
By Jesus Christ prepared ;
Ye sons of sorrow and of grace,
Receive your great reward.
- 3 If heaven shall be our rest,
And God unfolds the door,
Our anxious souls are fully blessed,
Our hopes can ask no more.
- 4 We'll drink the bitter cup,
We'll tread the thorny road,
If we may safely reach at last
The mansions of our God.

Dyer's Coll.

372. S. M.

Union with Christ.

- 1 OUR Father ! we are thine,
By everlasting bands ;
To thee our hearts we would resign,
Our souls are in thine hands.
- 2 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to Christ our Head ;
Shall form us to his image bright,
And teach his path to tread.
- 3 Death may our souls divide
From their abodes of clay ;
But love shall keep us near his side,
Through all the dreary way.
- 4 Enough, our gracious Lord,
Let Faith triumphant cry ;
Our hearts can on this promise live,
And on this promise die.

Doddridge.

SUBJECTS OF SERMONS. 273, 274.

373. C. M.

The waste of Years.

- 1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year !
How soon the years complete their rounds ;
How short the months appear.
- 2 So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When, all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.
- 3 Yet like an idle tale we pass
The swiftly passing year,
And study methods to increase
The haste of its career.
- 4 Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see ;
That I may act the Christian's part,
And give the year to thee.

Doddridge.

374. C. M.

Divine Instruction.

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin ?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

375, 376. SUBJECTS OF SERMONS.

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light
Which guides us all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth ;
How pure is every page !
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

Watts.

375. C. M.

Gospel Treasure in Earthen Vessels.

1 How rich thy bounty, King of kings,
Thy favors, how divine !
The blessings which thy gospel brings,
How splendidly they shine !

2 Yet, all these treasures of thy grace
Are lodged in urns of clay ;
And the weak sons of mortal race
The immortal gifts convey.

3 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth,
Yet grace the victory gives ;
Quickly they moulder back to earth,
Yet still the gospel lives.

4 Such wonders power divine can do,
Such trophies God can raise ;
His hand from dust itself can form
Long monuments of praise.

Doddridge.

376. L. M.

Retribution.

1 HAPPY the man whose cautious feet
Shun the broad road which sinners tread ;

Who hates the place where atheists meet,
And hears the scoffer's tongue with dread ;

2 Who loves to spend the morning light
In high communion with the Lord,
And pass the wakeful hours of night
In pondering o'er his holy word.

3 He, like the plant by gentle streams,
Shall flourish in immortal green ;
And Heaven will shine, with kindest beams,
On every work his hands begin.

4 Not so the thoughtless and profane !
As dust before the tempest flies,
So shall their flattering hopes be vain,
When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

Watts.

377. L. M.

Danger of Earthly Pleasures.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away ;
Away, ye tempters of the mind ;
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of deep despair ;
And while I listened to your song,
The streams had almost borne me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace
Which warned me of that dark abyss,
Which led me from that treacherous place,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

- 4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands and glance my eyes ;
O for the pinions of a dove
To bear me to the upper skies !
- 5 There in the presence of my God
Oceans of endless pleasure roll ;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

Watts.

378. C. M.

Want of Improvement.

- 1 LONG have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord ;
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word.
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
And hear, almost in vain ;
How small a portion of thy grace
My memory can retain.
- 3 How cold and feeble is my love ;
How negligent my fear ;
How low my hope of joys above,
How few affections there.
- 4 Great God ! thy sovereign power impart
To give thy word success ;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.
- 5 Show my forgetful feet the way
That leads to joys on high ;
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

Watts.

379. 8s & 7s.

Zion the City of God.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God !
He, whose word is never broken,
Formed thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose ?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove.
Who can faint while such a river
Will their burning thirst assuage ?
Grace, a stream which, like the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

Olney Hymns.

380. L. M.

The Israel of God.

- 1 OH Israel, blest beyond compare !
Unrivalled all thy glories are ;
Jehovah deigns to fill thy throne,
And calls thy interests all his own.
- 2 He is thy Saviour, he thy Lord ;
His shield is thine, and thine his sword ;
Review, in high and holy thought,
The grand redemption he has wrought.
- 3 From Satan's yoke he sets thee free,
Opens thy passage through the sea ;
He through the desert is thy guide,
And Heaven thy Canaan will provide.

381, 382. SUBJECTS OF SERMONS.

- 4 Not Jacob's sons of old could boast
Such favors to their chosen host ;
Their glories, which through ages shone,
Are but dim shadows of thine own.

Doddridge.

381. C. M.

The Hope of Israel forsaken.

- 1 GREAT Object of thine Israel's hope !
Its Saviour and its praise !
Attend, while we to thee devote
The remnant of our days.
- 2 O thou Eternal Source of good,
Whence living waters flow ;
Let not our thirsty, erring souls,
To broken cisterns go.
- 3 How wretched they, who leave the Lord,
And from his word withdraw ;
Who lose the Gospel from their sight,
And break his holy law.
- 4 But, Lord, to thee my heart shall turn,
To heal it, and to save ;
The joys that from thy favor flow
Shall long outlast the grave.

Doddridge.

382. L. M.

The Holy City triumphant.

- 1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead ;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

- 2 'Tis he restores thy honors lost ;
'Tis he disarms the angry host ;
Thy foes shall never more invade,
Nor fill thy hallowed walls with dread.
- 3 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known ;
Reared and adorned by love divine,
Thy towers and battlements shall shine.
- 4 God from on high thy sighs will hear,
His hand thy ruins shall repair ;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

Doddridge.

383. L. M.

Security of the Church.

- 1 GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.
- 2 Loud though the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide.
- 3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, thy holy Word,
Then all our raging fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

Watts.

384. S. M.

Honor and safety of the Church.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God !
And let his praise be great ;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand !
The honors of our native place,
The bulwarks of our land.
- 3 A refuge in distress,
To Zion God is known ;
How bright through all her palaces
Hath his salvation shone !
- 4 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.
- 5 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair ;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Watts.

385. 8s & 7s.

The future Peace and Glory of the Church.

- 1 HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,—
O, my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways ;
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow ;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All his bounty will bestow.
Still in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Never hear of war again.
- 3 Ye, no more the sun descending,
Nor the waning moon, shall see ;
But your griefs, forever ending,
Find eternal noon in me.
God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light.

Cowper.

386. C. M.

Value of the Knowledge of God.

- 1 SHINE forth, Eternal Source of light !
Make thy perfections known ;
Fill our enlarged, adoring sight,
With glories all thine own.
- 2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays,
The brightest creatures boast ;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Are, in thy presence, lost.
- 3 To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill :
True wisdom is to learn his name,
True life, to do his will.

387, 388. SUBJECTS OF SERMONS.

- 4 For this may we unceasing pray,
This, all our powers pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Complete the glorious view.

Doddridge.

387. C. M.

Prayer for the thoughtless.

- 1 INDULGENT GOD, with pitying eye
The sons of men survey,
And see how thoughtless sinners sport
In sin's destructive way.
- 2 Ten thousand dangers lurk around
To bear them to the tomb ;
Each in an hour may plunge them where
Repentance cannot come.
- 3 Reduce, O Lord, their wandering minds,
Amused with airy dreams,
That heavenly wisdom may dispel
Their visionary schemes.
- 4 Guide and direct them by thy word,
Their dangerous state to see,
That they may seek and find the path
That leads to heaven and Thee.

Doddridge.

388. L. M.

The Character of a Christian.

- 1 WHO shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face ?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below ;
- 2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean ;
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean ;

- Who never slanders with his tongue,
And will not do his neighbor wrong ;
- 3 Who loves his enemies, and prays
For those who curse him to his face ;
And doth to all men still the same
That he would hope or wish from them ;
- 4 Who, when his holiest works are done,
Depends upon thy grace alone :
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell forever, Lord, with thee.

Watts.

389. L. M.

The Humble accepted.

- 1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
‘I sit upon my holy throne ;
My name is God, I dwell on high,
Dwell in my own eternity.
- 2 But I descend to worlds below ;
On earth I have a mansion too ;
The humble spirit, and contrite,
Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 The humble soul my words revive ;
I bid the mourning sinner live ;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- 4 The soul that seeks me shall obtain
Immortal wealth, and heavenly gain ;
Eternal life is his reward,
Life, and the favor of the Lord.’

Watts.

390, 391. SUBJECTS OF SERMONS.

390. C. M.

Man accountable.

- 1 THE time draws near when every soul
Its last account shall give ;
When its whole life shall be surveyed
By him who bade it live.
- 2 How many talents, O my God,
Hast thou bestowed on me ;
And yet how few can there be found
Devoted, Lord, to thee.
- 3 My health, my time, my worldly store,
And thy more precious word,
Thy talents are, for which I must
Account to thee, my Lord.
- 4 Much of my time, alas, is lost,
And much have I misspent :
How careless of my grand concern,
On trifles how intent.
- 5 O may the slothful servant's doom
My earnest care excite ;
Each talent may I well improve,
And in thy word delight.

Exeter Coll.

391. C. M.

Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION ! oh melodious sound
To wretched, dying men ;
Salvation, that from God proceeds,
And leads to God again.
- 2 But oh, may a degenerate soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to lift a trembling eye
To blessings so divine ?

- 3 In thinking on so bright a bliss,
 My hopes give way to fears ;
 And unbelief almost perverts
 The promise into tears.
- 4 My gracious God, no voice but thine
 My dying hopes can raise ;
 Speak thy salvation to my soul,
 And turn its tears to praise.

Doddridge.

392. C. M.

He healeth the broken in heart.

- 1 WHEN 'rest of all, and hopeless care
 Would sink us to the tomb,
 What power shall save us from despair,
 What dissipate the gloom ?
- 2 No balm that earthly plants distil
 Can soothe the mourner's smart ;
 No mortal hand, with lenient skill,
 Bind up the broken heart.
- 3 But One alone, who reigns above,
 Our woe to joy can turn,
 And light the lamp of life and love
 That long has ceased to burn.
- 4 Then, O my soul ! to that One flee,
 To God thy woes reveal ;
 His eye alone thy wounds can see,
 His power alone can heal.

Drummond.

393. L. M.

Afflictions sanctified by the Word.

- 1 O how I love thy holy word,
 Thy gracious covenant, O Lord !
 It guides me in the peaceful way ;
 I think upon it all the day.

- 2 Long unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path secure I strayed ;
Thou mad'st me feel the chastening rod,
And straight I turned me to my God.
- 3 What though it pierced my fainting heart ;
I blessed the hand that caused the smart ;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from severer woe.
- 4 I love thee, therefore, O my God,
And breathe towards thy dear abode,
Where all thy saints forever rest,
In thine own presence fully blest.

Cowper.

394. C. M.

Beholding the Face in a Glass.

- 1 BEHOLD the glass the Gospel lends,
That men their hearts may view ;
How free from stain its surface is ;
How polished and how true !
- 2 Behold that wise, that perfect law,
Which noblest freedom gives ;
O may it all our souls refine,
And sanctify our lives.
- 3 Not with a transient glance surveyed,
And in an hour forgot ;
But deep inscribed on every heart,
To reign o'er every thought.
- 4 Great Author of each perfect gift,
Thy sovereign grace display,
That these rebellious, roving hearts,
May hearken and obey.

Doddridge.

SUBJECTS OF SERMONS. 395, 396.

395. L. M.

Sowing in Tears to reap in Joy.

- 1 THE darkened sky—how thick it lowers,
Troubled with storms, and black with showers ;
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But Nature pours forth all her tears.
- 2 Yet, let the sons of grace revive ;
God bids the soul that seeks him live ;
And from the gloomiest shade of night
Calls forth a morning of delight.
- 3 The seeds of happiness unknown
Are in these watered furrows sown :
See the green blades, how quick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes.
- 4 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumbered ears of golden grain ;
And Heaven shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.
- 5 Then shall the trembling mourner come
And bind his sheaves, and bear them home :
The voice long faint with sighs shall sing,
Till heaven with hallelujahs ring.

Doddridge.

396. H. M.

Thanks be to God who giveth us the Victory.

- 1 THANKS be to God, the Lord,
The victory is ours ;
And hell is overcome
By Christ's triumphant powers !
The monster sin | And death has felt
In chains is bound, | His mortal wound.

- 2 Oppressed with guilt and woe,
 In darkness long we lay,
 Till Christ on earth appeared—
 Then all was boundless day :
 With terror struck, | Fled in despair,
 The host of night | To shun the light.
- 3 Now, o'er the vanquished tomb,
 Behold his trophy blaze ;
 The banner of the cross,
 That pours its streaming rays,
 To mark the path | And upwards guide
 Which Jesus trod, | Our steps to God.
- 4 Give thanks to God, the Lord ;
 The victory is won ;
 And up the path to heaven
 Our march is now begun.
 The hymn of joy | And shout aloud
 Exulting raise, | The Saviour's praise.
- Drummond.

397. C. M.

Blessings in Past Ages.

- 1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
 Which God performed of old ;
 Which in our younger years we saw,
 And which our fathers told.
- 2 He bids us make his glories known—
 His works of power and grace ;
 And we'll convey his wonders down
 To every rising race.
- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
 And they again to theirs ;
 That generations yet unborn
 May teach them to their heirs.

SUBJECTS OF SERMONS. 398, 399.

- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone,
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

Watts.

398. C. M.

Prevailing bad Example.

- 1 LORD, when iniquities abound,
And growing crimes appear,
We view the deluge rising round,
With sorrow and with fear.
- 2 Yet, when its waves most fiercely beat,
And spread destruction wide,
Thy Spirit can a barrier raise
To stem the rising tide.
- 3 May thy resistless arm awake,
Thy sacred cause to plead ;
And let the multitude confess
That thou art God indeed.
- 4 Our faint and feeble souls support ;
Thy saving power display ;
And multitudes in vain shall strive
To lead us from thy way.

Doddridge.

399. 11s.

Prepare ye the Way of the Lord.

- 1 A VOICE from the desert comes, awful and shrill !
The Lord is advancing, prepare ye the way ;
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.
- 2 Bring down the proud mountain, though towering
to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high ;

400, 401. SUBJECTS OF SERMONS.

The rough path and crooked be made straight and even ;

For, Zion, your King, your Redeemer is nigh !

- 3 The beams of salvation his progress illumine ;
The lone dreary wilderness sings of her God ;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace throws its branches abroad.
Drummond.

400. L. M.

Man frail and unworthy.

- 1 SHALL the frail race of flesh and blood
Contend with their Creator, God ?
Shall mortal man presume to be
More holy, wise, and just, than he ?
- 2 Behold, he puts his trust in none
Of all the spirits round the throne ;
And how much meaner things are they
Which spring from dust and dwell in clay.
- 3 From night to day, from day to night,
We die by thousands in thy sight :
Touched by the finger of thy power,
We faint and vanish every hour.
- 4 Almighty Power ! to thee we bow ;
How frail are we, how glorious thou !
Which of the sons of men shall dare
With an eternal God compare ?

Watts.

401. C. M.

Influences of the Spirit implored.

- 1 GREAT FATHER of each perfect gift,
Behold thy servants wait ;
With longing eyes and lifted hands
We flock around thy gate.

2 Oh, shed abroad that gift divine,
Thy Spirit from above ;
And bless our eyes with sacred light,
And fire our hearts with love.

3 With early flight may it descend,
And solid comfort bring ;
And o'er our languid souls extend
Its all-reviving wing.

4 Blest earnest of eternal joy,
Declare our sins forgiven ;
And bear, with energy divine,
Our raptured thoughts to heaven.

Doddridge.

402. S. M.

The excellency of the Righteous.

1 How glorious, Lord, art thou !
How bright thy splendors shine !
Thy rays reflected gild thy saints
With radiance all divine.

2 With lowliness and love
Wisdom and courage meet ;
The grateful heart, the cheerful eye,
How reverend and how sweet !

3 In beauties such as these
Thy children now are drest ;
But brighter habits shall they wear
In mansions of the blest.

4 In nature's barren soil
Who could such glories raise ?
We own, O God, the work is thine,
And thine be all the praise.

Doddridge.

403. C. M.

The Just, the Portion of God.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of nature, all is thine ;
The air, the earth, the sea ;
By thee the orbs celestial shine,
And angels live by thee.
- 2 Rich in thine own celestial store,
Thou call'st forth worlds at will ;
Ten thousand and ten thousand more
Would hear thy summons still.
- 3 What treasure then wilt thou confess,
And thy own portion call ?
What by peculiar right possess,
When thou art Lord of all ?
- 4 Thy children thou wilt stoop to claim,
And mark them out for thine ;
Ten thousand praises to thy name,
For goodness so divine.

Doddridge.

404. C. M.

Before or after Sermon.

- 1 ALMIGHTY GOD ! thy word is cast
Like seed into the ground ;
Now let the dews of heaven descend,
And righteous fruits abound.
- 2 Let not the foes of Christ and man
The sacred seed remove ;
But give it root in every heart,
To bear the fruits of love.

SUBJECTS OF SERMONS.

- 3 Let not the world's deceitful cares
The rising plant annoy ;
But may it bear a hundred-fold
Of virtue, peace, and joy.
 - 4 O may thy word, so kindly sent
To save us, by thy Son,
Return to thee with joy, and tell
Of all our duties done.
 - 5 Oft as the precious seed is sown,
Thy quickening grace bestow ;
That all whose hearts receive the truth,
Its saving power may know.
- Christian Psalmist.

THE COMMUNION, AND THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

405. L. M.

Institution of the Supper.

- 1 'TWAS on that dark, that awful night,
When all the powers of darkness rose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friends betrayed him to his foes :
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blessed, and brake ;
What love through all his actions ran !
What wondrous words of peace he spake !
- 3 ' This is my body, broke for sin :
Receive, and eat,—'tis living food ;'
Then took the cup, and blessed the wine :—
' 'Tis the new covenant in my blood.
- 4 In memory, of your dying Lord,
Do this,' he said, ' till time shall end ;
Meet at my table, and record
The love of your departed Friend.'

Watts.

406. L. M.

The Memorial Service.

- 1 JESUS is gone above the skies,
Where our weak senses reach him not ;
And earthly objects court our eyes,
To thrust the Saviour from our thought.

2 He knows what wandering hearts we have,
How weak our faith and hope may prove ;
And to refresh our minds he gave
These kind memorials of his love.

3 Be sinful pleasures all forgot ;
Let earth grow less in our esteem ;
Christ and his love fill every thought,
And faith and hope be fixed on him.

Watts.

407. C. M.

This do in remembrance of me.

- 1 ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my gracious Lord ;
I will remember thee.
- 2 Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.
- 3 When to the cross I turn my eyes,
And there thy anguish see,
O, Lamb of God, my sacrifice,
I must remember thee :
- 4 Remember thee and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me ;
Yea, while a breath of life remains,
Will I remember thee.

Montgomery.

408. L. M.

Take ; eat.

- 1 EAT, drink, in memory of your friend ;
Such was our Master's last request,
Who all the pangs of death endured,
That we might live forever blessed.
- 2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
Thou kindest, tenderest, best of friends ;
Thy dying love, the noblest praise
Our hearts can offer thee, transcends.
- 3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give
Thy goodness through these veils to see :
Thy table food celestial yields
To those who give their hearts to thee.
Dublin Coll.

409. L. M.

Christ the Shepherd of the Sheep.

- 1 O MAY the Shepherd of the sheep
His little flock in safety keep ;
The flock for which he came from heaven,
The flock for which his life was given.
- 2 O hide them from the sultry beam,
And lead them near the living stream ;
In fertile pastures let them lie,
And watch them with a shepherd's eye.
- 3 O may thy sheep discern thy voice,
And in its sacred sound rejoice ;
From strangers may they ever flee,
And know no other guide but thee.
MacLac's Coll.

410. 7s. 6l.

Christ our Example in Suffering.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel temptation's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one painful hour ;
Turn not from his grief away ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Calvary's dreary mountain climb ;
There, admiring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete ;
It is finished, hear him cry ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.
- 3 Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid his breathless clay ;
All is solitude and gloom !
Who hath taken him away ?
Christ is risen from human eyes ;
Saviour ! teach us so to rise.

Montgomery.

411. L. M.

Christ forsaken by the Disciples.

- 1 BEHOLD the Son of God's delight !
His smiles, how sweet ! his rays, how bright !
A friend of tenderness unknown,
To the last breath he loved his own.
- 2 But lo, his friends, his brethren dear,
Fly when they see the danger near ;
And not one generous heart remains,
To shield his life or share his pains.

415, 416. THE COMMUNION.

- 6 Say, Live forever, wondrous King !
Born to redeem, and strong to save ;
Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting,
And where thy victory, boasting grave ?
Watts.

415. C. M.

The Lamb that was slain.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Let all who dwell above the sky,
In air, on earth, in seas,
Conspire to lift his glories high,
And speak his endless praise.

Watts.

416. C. M.

The Cross.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour on the cross !
For us he dies in woe ;
See from his deep and bleeding wounds
The streams of crimson flow !
- 2 Now death's pale ensigns o'er his face
And trembling lips are spread !
The light forsakes his closing eyes,
And life his fainting head.

3 'Tis finished,' was his latest voice ;
Those sacred accents o'er,
He bows his head, gives up the ghost,
And suffers pain no more.

4 'Tis finished—the Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own ;
The great redemption is complete,
And death is overthrown !

Christian Psalmist.

417. C. M.

Love strong in Death.

1 IF human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie ;
If tender thoughts within us burn
To feel that friends are nigh ;

2 O, shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To Him, who died, our fears to quell,
And save from death and woe ?

3 While yet in anguish he surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed ;
'Meet, and remember me.'

4 Remember thee ? thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share ?
O, memory, leave no other name
But his, recorded there.

Noel.

418. C. M.

Christ's Death and Exaltation.

- 1 YE humble souls who seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away,
And bow with transport down to see
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 His life for us he freely gave ;
Such wonders love can do !
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throbbed and bled for you.
- 3 A moment give your hearts to grief,
And mourn your Saviour slain ;
Then dry your tears and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again !
- 4 High o'er the angel bands he rears
His once dishonored head,
And through unnumbered years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.

Doddridge.

419. 7 s.

The dispensation of Love.

- 1 NOT to Sinai's dreadful blaze,
But to Zion's throne of grace,
By a way marked out with blood,
Sinners now approach their God.
- 2 Not to hear the fiery law,
But with humble joy to draw
Water, from that well supplied
Jesus opened when he died.
- 3 Lord, there are no streams but thine
Can assuage a thirst like mine ;

'Tis a thirst thyself did give,
Let me therefore drink and live.

Olney Hymns.

420.

The Bread from Heaven.

- 1 HERE have we seen thy face, O Lord,
And viewed salvation with our eyes ;
Tasted and felt the living word,
The bread descending from the skies.
- 2 Thy mercy sent thine only Son
To shed his blood before our face ;
The undefiled and Holy One,
To die for man's unworthy race.
- 3 He is the bright, the morning Star ;
He stands beside his Father's throne,
And spreads his beams through earth afar,
And down to ages yet unknown.

Watts.

421. C. M.

Reconciliation.

- 1 O HERE, if ever, God of love,
May strife and hatred cease ;
May every heart harmonious move,
And every thought be peace.
- 2 Not here, where met to think of Him,
Whose latest thoughts were ours,
Shall mortal passions come to dim
The prayer devotion pours.
- 3 No, gracious Master, not in vain,
Thy life of love hath been ;
The peace thou gavest may yet remain,
Though thou no more art seen.

- 4 'Thy Kingdom come;' we watch, we wait
To hear thy cheering call,
When heaven shall ope its glorious gate,
And God be all in all.

E. Taylor.

422. L. M.

The wandering Sheep.

- 1 LORD, we have wandered from thy way ;
Like sheep we all have gone astray :
Our pleasant pastures we have left,
And of thy guard our souls bereft ;
- 2 Exposed to want—exposed to harm—
Far from our gentle Shepherd's arm ;
Nor will these fatal wanderings cease,
Till thou reveal the paths of peace.
- 3 Oh seek thy thoughtless servants, Lord,
Nor let us quite forget thy word ;
Our erring souls do thou restore,
And keep us, that we stray no more.

Doddridge.

423. S. M.

Invitation to the Supper.

- 1 OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.
- 2 God pities all our griefs ;
He pardons, every day ;
Almighty to protect our souls,
And wise to guide our way.

3 Jesus, our living Head,
How great his bounties are !
Our Advocate before the throne,
And our forerunner there.

4 Here fix our roving hearts,
In confidence and love,
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

Doddridge.

424. C. M.

Come to the Waters.

1 THE King of heaven his table spreads,
And blessings crown the board ;
Not paradise, with all its joys,
Can such delight afford.

2 Pardon, and peace, and endless life,
To dying men are given,
Through the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise our souls to heaven.

3 Millions of souls, ascended now,
Were fed and feasted here ;
And millions more, still on the way,
Shall round the board appear.

4 All things are ready, come away,
No weak excuses frame ;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless the Founder's name.

Wesley's Coll.

425. H. M.

Communion Hymn.

- 1 To Thee our wants are known,
From thee are all our powers ;
Accept what is thine own,
And pardon what is ours.
Our praises, Lord, and prayers receive,
And to thy word a blessing give.
- 2 O grant that each of us
Now met before thee here,
May meet together thus,
When thou and thine appear,
And follow thee to heaven our home ;
Even so, Amen, Lord Jesus, come.

Olney Hymns.

426. C. M.

Communion Hymn.

- 1 How are thy glories here displayed,
Great God ! how bright they shine,
While at thy word we break the bread,
And pour the flowing wine.
- 2 Here the stern hand of Justice shows
Its violated laws ;
Here saving Mercy spreads her hands,
Like Jesus on the cross.
- 3 Here waiting Hope impatient stands
With heaven-directed eyes ;
And Sorrow leans with downward sight
That dares not seek the skies.
- 4 Here may our best affections glow,
Our raging passions die ;
Then shall our souls be all delight,
And all our tears be dry.

Watts.

427. S. M.

Communion Hymn.

- 1 JESUS invites his friends
To meet around his board,
And join in blest communion here
With him, their gracious Lord.
- 2 For us he gave his life ;
For us he gave his blood ;
To save from sin our thankless race,
And bring them back to God.
- 3 Our heavenly Father calls
Christ and his members one ;
We the young children of his grace,
And he the elder Son.
- 4 Let all our souls unite
A grateful song to raise ;
Pleasure and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

Watts.

428. C. M.

The Communion of the Living and the Dead.

- 1 THE saints on earth and those above
But one communion make ;
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.
- 2 One family, we dwell in him ;
One church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

- 4 O God, be thou our constant guide ;
 Then, when thy word is given,
 May death's cold flood its waves divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

C. Wesley.

429. C. M.

Ye are the Light of the World.

- 1 WE bless the Eternal Source of light,
 Who made the stars to shine,
 And through this dark and clouded world
 Diffused the light divine.
- 2 We bless the churches' sovereign King ;
 His golden lamps they are ;
 Fixed in the temples of his love,
 To shine in radiance there.
- 3 Long be their purity preserved,
 Long fed with oil their flame ;
 And deep in every heart inscribed
 Their Heavenly Master's name.

Doddridge.

430. C. M.

The Day of Account.

- 1 THE day approacheth, O my soul,
 The great, decisive day,
 Which from the bounds of mortal life
 Shall bear thee far away.
- 2 Another day more awful dawns,
 And lo ! the Judge appears !
 Ye heavens, retire before his face,
 And sink, ye darkened stars.

- 3 Yet does one short, preparing hour,
Of precious life remain ;
Awake, my soul, with all thy power,
Nor let it pass in vain.
- 4 For this, thy temple, Lord, we throng ;
For this, the board surround ;
There may our service be approved,
And with thy presence crowned.

Doddridge.

431. 7s.

Christian Farewell.

- 1 CHRISTIANS ! brethren ! ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.
- 2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore ;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.
- 3 Now to him who reigns in heaven,
Be eternal glory given ;
Grateful for thy love divine,
O may all our hearts be thine !

Kirke White.

432. 7s.

Benediction.

- 1 Now may he, who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and Head,
All our souls in safety keep.

THE COMMUNION.

- 2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight ;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night.
- 3 Let us now the Saviour praise,
Who for us poured out his blood ;
And let hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings to our God.

Olney Hymns.

OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

433. L. M.

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 God of the morning ! at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And, robed in splendor, doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies ;
- 2 Oh, like the sun, may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day ;
With steady mind and active will,
March on and keep the heavenly way :
- 3 For thy commands are right and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure,
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise.
- 4 Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And lead me to thy heavenly bliss ;
May every wish and hope beside,
Be faint and cold compared with this.

Watts.

434. L. M.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 IN sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night ;
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

- 2 New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
 Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
 My conscious soul resumes her power,
 And springs, my guardian God, to thee.
- 3 O guide me through the various ways
 My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
 And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
 Where dangers press around my head.
- 4 A deeper shade shall soon impend,
 A deeper sleep my eyes oppress ;
 Yet then, thy strength shall still defend,
 Thy goodness still delight to bless.
- 5 That deeper shade shall break away,
 That deeper sleep shall leave my eyes ;
 Thy light shall give eternal day,
 Thy love, the rapture of the skies.
- Hawkesworth.

435. L. M.

Morning Hymn.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
 Thy daily stage of duty run ;
 Shake off thy sloth, and joyful rise
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem ;
 Each present day thy last esteem ;
 Improve thy talents with due care ;
 For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere ;
 Keep conscience as the noontide clear ;
 Think how thy secret thoughts and ways
 God's all-discerning eye surveys.

- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Scatter my sins like morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Kenn.

436. L. M.

Morning or Evening Hymn.

- 1 My God, how endless is thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new ;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil, like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command ;
To thee I consecrate my days :
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Watts.

437. L. M.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, through thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That, ere I sleep, my heart may be
At peace with man, myself, and thee.
- 3 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep my eyelids close :

438, 439. OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

May rest revive my weary powers,
To serve thee in my waking hours.

- 4 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

Kenn.

438. C. M.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 DREAD Sovereign, let my evening song
Like holy incense rise ;
Permit the offerings of my tongue
To reach thee in the skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand is still my guard ;
And still, to drive my wants away,
Thy mercy stands prepared.
- 3 Perpetual blessings from above
My daily path surround ;
But oh, how few returns of love
Hath my Creator found !
- 4 And now, my soul, the closing day
Is fading on thine eyes ;
Once more the evening tribute pay
To Him who rules the skies.

Watts.

439. L. M.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone !
Slow in the west the shadows rise,
And swift the hours are passing on,
Till night's dark curtain veil the skies.

- 2 Another fleeting day is gone !
 Swept from the records of the year ;
 And still, with every setting sun,
 Life's fading visions disappear.
- 3 Another fleeting day is gone !
 But soon a fairer shall arise ;—
 A day, whose never-clouded sun
 Shall pour its glories through the skies.
- 4 Another fleeting day is gone !
 In solemn silence rest, my soul,
 And bow before the throne of Him
 Who bids the morn and evening roll.
Collyer.

440. 7s.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 INTERVAL of grateful shade,
 Welcome to my weary head ;
 Welcome, slumber, to my eyes,
 Tired with glittering vanities.
- 2 My great Master still allows
 Needful periods of repose ;
 By my Heavenly Father blest,
 Thus I give my powers to rest.
- 3 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
 Crown'st my days with various good ;
 Thy kind eye, which cannot sleep,
 My defenceless hours shall keep.
- 4 What if death my sleep invade ?
 Shall I be of death afraid ?
 Sheltered by thy mighty arm,
 Death may strike, but cannot harm.

441, 442. OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

- 5 With thy heavenly presence blessed,
Death is life, and labor rest ;
Welcome, sleep or death, to me ;
Still secure—for still with thee !

Doddridge.

441. L. M.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 THUS far the Lord hath led me on ;
Thus far, his power prolongs my days ;
And every evening shall make known
Some new memorial of his grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home ;
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 Oft as I lay me down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
And well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 So when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
Till his own voice shall reach the tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

Watts.

442. L. M.

Night.

- 1 WHEN restless on my bed I lie,
Still courting sleep which still will fly,
Then may reflection's brightest power
Illume the lonely midnight hour.

- 2 If hushed the stream, and calm the tide,
Soft will the stream of memory glide,
And all the past, a living train,
In sweet remembrance live again.
- 3 Perhaps before my soul appears
The faithful friend of early years,
Who taught my first desires to rise,
And seek their treasure in the skies.
- 4 If loud the wind, the tempest high,
If darkness wraps the sounding sky,
I muse on life's tempestuous sea,
And sigh, O Lord, to come to thee.
- 5 Tossed on the deep and swelling wave,
O mark my trembling soul, and save ;
Conduct me through the angry sea,
To find my rest and heaven in thee.

Noel.

443. 7s.

Praise by Night.

- 1 WHEN the empress of the night
Spreads around her silver light,
When the vivid planets stray,
Through their wild and mystic way ;
- 2 When the stars unnumbered roll
Round the ever-constant pole ;
Far above the glowing skies,
All my soul to God shall rise.
- 3 In the silence of the night,
Joining with those seraphs bright,
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love, and ceaseless praise ;

4 Through the throng his gentle ear
 My unworthy praise shall hear,
 And from heaven he shall impart
 Secret comfort to my heart.

5 He, in those serenest hours,
 Guides my intellectual powers ;
 Lifting all my thoughts above,
 On the wings of faith and love.

Doddridge.

444. 7s. 6l.

For Saturday Evening.

1 SAFELY through another week
 God has brought us on our way ;
 Let us now a blessing seek
 For the coming Sabbath day ;
 Day of all the week the best,
 Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Mercies, multiplied each hour
 Through the week, our songs demand ;
 We are guarded by thy power,
 Fed and guided by thy hand ;
 From our worldly care set free,
 May we rest this night with thee.

3 When the morning sun shall rise,
 May we feel thy presence near ;
 May thy glory meet our eyes
 When we in thy house appear ;
 Blest may all our Sabbaths be,
 Till at last we rest with thee.

Olney Hymns.

445. 7s.

The Sabbath Hours.

- 1 To thy temple I repair ;
Lord, I love to worship there ;
Abba ! Father ! give me grace
In thy courts to seek thy face.
- 2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue ;
While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend.
- 3 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe.
- 4 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn ;
And at evening let me say,
'I have walked with God to-day.'

Montgomery.

446. 8s & 7s.

Domestic Worship.

- 1 PEACE be to this habitation ;
Peace to all that dwell therein ;
Peace, the earnest of salvation,
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin :
- 2 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,
Peace, to worldly minds unknown ;
Peace divine that lasts forever,
Peace, that comes from God alone :
- 3 Heavenly Father, still be near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home ;
With thy gracious presence cheer us ;
Let thy sacred kingdom come ;

- 4 Raise to heaven our expectation ;
Give our favored souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of heaven above.

C. Wesley.

447. C. M.

Private Resolutions.

- 1 Lo ! I am come with joy to do
My blessed Master's will ;
His paths of truth and love pursue,
And serve his pleasure still ;
- 2 Faithful to all his just commands
To choose the better part ;
And serve with Martha's careful hands,
And Mary's fervent heart.
- 3 O thou, who dost in tender love
My every burden bear,
Lift up my heart to things above,
And fix it firmly there.
- 4 Far, far above these earthly things,
To that sublime abode,
Where I may see the King of kings,
And freely talk with God ;
- 5 And find my heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see ;
Oh, that we all the joy might know,
Of living thus to thee.

Wesley's Coll.

448. C. M.

Domestic Affliction.

- 1 O God, who mad'st the earth and sky,
The darkness and the day,
Give ear to this thy family,
And help us when we pray ;
- 2 For wide the waves of bitterness
Around our vessel roar ;
And heavy grows the pilot's heart,
To view the rocky shore.
- 3 The cross our Master bore for us,
For him we all should bear ;
But mortal strength to weakness turns,
And courage to despair.
- 4 Have mercy on our failings, Lord ;
Our sinking faith renew !
And when his sorrows visit us,
Oh, send his patience too.

Heber.

449. C. M.

Domestic Affliction.

- 1 WHEN Providence to try my heart
Affliction shall prepare,
To God, submissive may I bend,
And keep me from despair.
- 2 Whate'er he orders must be just ;
Then let me kiss the rod ;
And never let my heart distrust
The goodness of my God.

3 The mind to which I owe my own,
 To guide this mind is wise ;
 And he to whom my faults are known,
 The fittest to chastise.

4 Then, till life's latest sands are run,
 O teach me, Power divine,
 To say, 'My Father's will be done,
 Whate'er becomes of mine.'

West Boston Coll.

450. L. M.

Sickness and Recovery.

1 FIRM was my health, my day was bright,
 And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night ;
 Fondly I said within my heart,
 Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart.

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
 Which made my mountain stand so long ;
 Soon as thy face began to hide,
 My health was gone, my comfort died.

3 But I would lift my praises high,
 To him who bids diseases fly ;
 And who but God has power to save
 From the dark borders of the grave ?

4 His anger but a moment stays,
 His love is life, and length of days ;
 Though grief and tears the night employ,
 The morning star restores the joy.

Watts.

451. C. M.

Recovery from Sickness.

- 1 My God ! thy service well demands
The remnant of my days ;
Why was this fleeting breath renewed,
But to renew thy praise ?
- 2 The arms of everlasting Love
Did this weak frame sustain,
When life was hovering o'er the grave,
And nature sunk in pain.
- 3 Into thy hands, my Saviour, God,
Did I my soul resign,
In firm dependence on the truth
Which made salvation mine.
- 4 Back from the borders of the grave
At thy command I come ;
Nor would I urge an earlier flight
To my eternal home.
- 5 Where thou appointest my abode,
There would I choose to be ;
For in thy presence, death is life,
And earth is heaven with thee.

Doddridge.

452. C. M.

Prayer for Support in Death.

- 1 WHEN bending o'er the brink of life
My trembling soul shall stand,
And wait to pass death's awful flood
At thy divine command :
- 2 Thou Source of life and joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.

- 3 O may thy gracious presence, Lord,
 Chase anxious fears away ;
 Amid the ruins of the world,
 Our guardian and our stay.
- 4 Lay thy supporting, gentle hand,
 Beneath my fainting head,
 And let a beam of light divine
 Illume my dying bed.

Toplady.

453. C. P. M.

The Parent's Prayer.

- 1 FATHER of all ! whose sovereign will
 Hath called thy servant to fulfil
 The parent's tender part ;
 With gifts and graces from above,
 With calmest and with wisest love,
 Inspire my erring heart.
- 2 O may I every moment see
 The end for which alone to me
 Thou hast my children given ;
 A blessed instrument divine
 Through thee, to make and keep them thine,
 And train them up to heaven.
- 3 My first concern their souls to rear,
 And teach their feet with holy fear
 In virtue's paths to tread :
 Their hunger after thee excite,
 And stir them up with all their might
 To seek their living bread.
- 4 Assist me in this work of love,
 My earnest efforts to approve
 To thy all-seeing eye ;

And now a Father's blessing give,
And let them in thy service live,
Or innocently die.

C. Wesley.

454. C. M.

A Child's Prayer.

- 1 O God of yonder starry frame,
How should a thing like me
Dare to pronounce thy holy name,
And offer praise to thee?
- 2 I only know that I was made
Thy purpose to fulfil;
And that I gladly would be good,
And do my Maker's will.
- 3 Direct me first of all to know
What Jesus did for me;
And early teach my heart to glow
With thankfulness to thee.
- 4 And O when all my life is done,
And dust to dust declines,
Take me to heaven, beyond the sun,
Where thine own glory shines.

Hogg.

455. C. M.

Child's Hymn.

- 1 How long, sometimes, a day appears!
And weeks, how long are they!
Months move as slow, as if the years
Would never pass away.
- 2 But even years are passing by,
And soon must all be gone;
For, day by day, as minutes fly,
Eternity comes on.

- 3 Days, months, and years must have an end ;
Eternity has none ;
'Twill always have as long to spend,
As when it first begun.
- 4 Great God ! although I cannot tell
How such a thing can be,
I humbly pray that I may dwell
That long, long time, with thee.

456. C. M.

The Child's Prayer.

- 1 WHEN daily I kneel down to pray,
As I am taught to do,
God does not care for what I say,
Unless I feel it too.
- 2 Yet foolish thoughts my heart beguile ;
And when I pray or sing,
I'm often thinking all the while
About some other thing.
- 3 Some idle play or childish toy
Can call my thoughts abroad ;
Though it should be my greatest joy
To love and seek my God.
- 4 O, let me never, never dare
To act the trifler's part ;
Or think that God will hear a prayer
That comes not from the heart.
- 5 But if I make his ways my choice,
As holy children do,
Then, while I praise him with my voice,
My heart will love him too.

457. C. M.

The Child's Hymn.

- 1 LORD, teach a little child to pray,
And listen to my prayer ;
Thou hearest all the words I say,
For thou art every where.
- 2 A little sparrow cannot fall,
Unnoticed, Lord, by thee ;
And though I am but young and small,
Thou takest care of me.
- 3 Teach me to do the thing that's right ;
When I do wrong, forgive ;
And make it my sincere delight
To serve thee while I live.
- 4 Whatever trouble I am in,
To thee for help I'll call ;
But keep me more than all from sin,
For that is worse than all.

458. H. M.

God our Preserver in times of Distress.

- 1 UPWARD I lift my eyes ;
From God is all my aid ;
The God who built the skies,
And earth and nature made :
God is the tower | His grace is nigh
To which I fly ; | In every hour.
- 2 Our feet shall never slide,
And fall in fatal snares,
Since he, our guard and guide,
Defends us from our fears.
Those wakeful eyes, | In every place
Which never sleep, | Thy children keep.

3 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of evening air,
 Can take our health away,
 If God be with us there.

He is our sun,		Above our head,
And he our shade,		At night and noon.

4 Has he not given his word
 To save our souls from death ?

And we can trust thee, Lord,

To keep our mortal breath :

We'll go and come,		Till from on high
Nor fear to die,		Thou call us home.

Watts.

459. C. M.

Preservation from Disease.

1 To heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
 There all my hopes are laid :
 The Lord who built the earth and skies,
 Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet shall never slide to fall
 Whom he designs to keep ;
 His ear attends the softest call,
 His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers.
 With his almighty arm,
 And watch our most unguarded hours
 Against surprising harm.

4 No scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
 Shall have his leave to smite :
 He shields our heads from burning noon,
 From blasting damps at night.

5 He guards our soul, he keeps our breath,
 Where thickest dangers come :

Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home !

Watts.

460. 7s.

Funeral Hymn.

- 1 SPIRIT ! leave thy house of clay !
Lingering dust, resign thy breath !
Spirit, cast thy chains away !
Dust, be thou dissolved in death !
- 2 Prisoner, long detained below,
Prisoner, now with freedom blest,
Parting from a world of woe,
Welcome to the world of rest !
- 3 Ye that mourn a father's loss,
Ye that weep a friend no more,
Call to mind the Christian cross
Which your friend, your father bore.
- 4 All along that vale of tears
Which his peaceful footsteps trod,
Still a shining path appears,
Where the mourner walked with God ;
- 5 Till his Master from above,
When the promised hour was come,
Sent the chariot of his love
To convey the wanderer home.

Montgomery.

461. C. M.

Blessed are the Dead.

- 1 HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead !
Sweet is the savor of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

- 2 They die in Jesus and are blessed ;
How kind their slumbers are !
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.
- 3 Far from this world of toil and strife,
And present with the Lord,
The labors of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

Watts.

462. L. M.

Dirge.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb ;
Take this new treasure to thy trust,
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in thy silent dust.
- 2 No pain, no grief, no anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch its soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept : God's dying Son
Passed through the grave and blessed the
bed ;
Then rest in peace, departed one,
Till morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O grave, his sovereign word !
Restore thy trust ; the glorious form
Shall then arise and meet the Lord.

Watts.

463. L. M.

The Death of an Infant.

- 1 SURE, to the mansions of the blest,
When infant innocence ascends,
Some angel, brighter than the rest,
The spotless spirit's flight attends.
- 2 That inextinguishable beam,
With dust united at our birth,
Sheds a more dim, discolored gleam,
The more it lingers upon earth.
- 3 But when the Lord of mortal breath
Decrees his bounty to resume,
And points the silent shaft of death
Which speeds an infant to the tomb ;
- 4 No passion fierce, no low desire,
Has quenched the radiance of the flame ;
Back to its God the living fire
Reverts, unclouded as it came.
- 5 Then at the Heavenly Father's hand,
Nearest the throne of living light,
Behold the infant seraph stand,
And dazzling shine where all are bright.

Adams.

464. C. M.

Loss of Children.

- 1 YE sons of sorrow, though your tears
Fall for your children dead,
O, say not, in your deep despair,
That all your hopes are fled.

- 2 While, sadly cleaving to the dust,
 In fond distress ye lie,
 Rise, and with grateful reverence view
 A heavenly Father nigh.
- 3 Transient and vain are all the hopes
 A rising race can give ;
 In endless honor and delight
 His children ever live.
- 4 We welcome, Lord, those rising tears
 Through which thy face we see ;
 We bless those wounds, which through our
 hearts
 Prepare a way for thee.

Doddridge.

465. C. M.

Death of the Young.

- 1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which sorrow must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O may this truth—impressed
 With awful power—I too must die,
 Sink deep in every breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more ;
 Behold the opening tomb !
 It bids us seize the present hour,
 To-morrow, death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene,
 Let every heart obey ;
 Nor be the heavenly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.

Mrs. Steele.

466. C. M.

Loss of the Useful.

- 1 Now let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry ;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief
Which view a Saviour nigh ?
- 2 What though the arm of conquering Death
Does God's own house invade ?
What though the faithful and the just
Be numbered with the dead ?
- 3 Though all the faithful sleep in dust,
The aged and the young,
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute the instructive tongue ;
- 4 The heavenly Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart ;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates the heart.

Doddridge.

467. L. M.

The Wanderer's Hymn.

- 1 O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide ;
My Lord, how full of sweet content
I pass my years of banishment.
- 2 All scenes alike engaging prove
To souls inspired with sacred love ;
In heaven, on earth, or in the sea,
Where'er they dwell, they dwell with thee.
- 3 To me remains nor place nor time ;
My country is in every clime ;
I can be calm, and free from care,
On any shore, since God is there.

- 4 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 5 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were, indeed, a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

Madm'e Guion.

468. C. M.

Returning from abroad.

- 1 LET songs of praise from all below
To thee, O God, ascend,
Whose bounties unexhausted flow,
Whose mercies never end.
- 2 The wandering exile, doomed to stray
Through many a desert wide,
Who fearless takes his lonely way
With God alone to guide ;
- 3 The seaman on the angry sea,
When storms in thunder lower,
Whose spirit firmly trusts in thee,—
Thy kindness and thy power ;
- 4 The stranger, who from gathering woes
No place of rest can see,
But still hath courage to repose
His weary heart on thee ;
- 5 All, all shall join to bless thy name,
Whose heavenly aid they prove ;
For all enjoy, and all proclaim
Thy boundless power and love.

New Selection.

469. L. M.

For a Storm.

- 1 IN thine own ways, O God of love,
We wait the visits of thy grace ;
Our souls' desire is to thy name,
We come with awe before thy face.
- 2 Hark, the Eternal rends the sky !
A mighty voice before him goes ;
A voice of music to his friends,
But threatening thunder to his foes.
- 3 Come, children, to your Father's arms,
Hide in the chambers of my grace ;
Till the fierce storm be over blown,
And my avenging fury cease.
- 4 For heavenly peace around your souls
Its soft and shadowy wing shall spread ;
And while the angry thunder rolls,
Shall shelter Israel's guarded head.

Watts.

470. C. M.

The Blessing of Rain.

- 1 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power !
The sky grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 The morning light and evening shade
Successive comforts bring ;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the Spring.
- 3 Seasons, and times, and months, and hours,
Heaven, earth, and sea, are thine ;
When clouds distil their fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

471, 472. OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

- 4 The verdant hills, on every side,
 Invite the falling showers ;
 The meadows dressed in all their pride,
 Perfume the air with flowers.
- 5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
 And ranks of corn appear ;
 Thy ways abound in blessings still ;
 Thy goodness crowns the year !

Watts.

471. L. M.

Times of Scarcity.

- 1 SHOULD famine o'er the mourning field
 Extend her desolating reign ;
 Nor Spring her blooming bounties yield,
 Nor Autumn swell her golden grain ;
- 2 Should lowing herds and bleating sheep
 Around their famished owner die ;
 And hope itself despairing weep,
 While life deplores its last supply ;
- 3 Amid the dark, the deathful scene,
 If I can say, the Lord is mine !
 The joy shall triumph o'er the pain,
 And glory dawn, though life decline.
- 4 The God of my salvation lives ;
 He will my nobler life sustain ;
 His word immortal vigor gives,
 Nor shall my glorious hopes be vain.

Mrs. Steele.

472. C. M.

Intemperance reformed.

- 1 BENEATH God's terrors doomed to groan,
 Behold the sensual band

The fruits of folly reap, and own
The justice of his hand.

2 Their head is sick, their fainting heart
Each joy of life foregoes ;
And life itself, worn out with woe,
Is hastening to its close.

3 But there is still a power to save,
A new and living way ;
His word reproves the fierce disease,
And death resigns its prey.

4 O then may all adore his name,
Who thus his mercy prove ;
And all, from age to age, proclaim
His saving power and love.

Merrick.

473. L. M. 61.

The Mariner's Hymn.

1 LORD of the sea ! thy powerful sway
Old Ocean's wildest waves obey ;
The gale that whistles through the shrouds,
The storm that drives the frightened clouds—
Soon as thy whisper orders peace,
How soon their angry thunders cease !

2 Lord of the sea ! the silent hour,
The deep still calm, confess thy power ;
The sun that pours his welcome light,
The moon that makes the dark scene bright,
The guiding star—the favoring wind,
Display the kind and Sovereign Mind.

- 3 Lord of the sea ! the seaman keep
 From all the perils of the deep ;
 When high the crested billows rise,
 When tempests roar along the skies,
 Save him from danger and despair,
 And may he feel that God is there.

Greenwood's Coll.

474. 7s.

Time.

- 1 WHILE with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here.
 Fixed in an eternal state
 They have done with all below ;
 We a little longer wait,
 But how little none can know.
- 2 As the winged arrow flies,
 Straight its destined mark to find ;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts and leaves no trace behind ;
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream ;
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise,
 All below is but a dream.
- 3 Thanks for mercies past receive ;
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us henceforth how to live,
 With eternity in view.
 Bless thy word to young and old,
 Fill us with a Saviour's love,
 And when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above.

Olney Hymns.

475. L. M.

Years crowned with Goodness.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole ;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flowery spring at thy command
Embalms the air and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigor shine
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores ;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With morning light and evening shade.

Doddridge.

476. L. M.

The Year crowned with Goodness.

- 1 GREAT God ! let all our tuneful powers
Awake and sing thy mighty name ;
Thy hand rolls on our circling hours,
The hand from which our being came.

- 2 Seasons and moons, revolving round
 In beauteous order, speak thy praise ;
 And years, with smiling mercy crowned,
 To thee, successive honors raise.
- 3 Each changing season on our souls
 Its sweetest, kindest influence sheds ;
 And every period, as it rolls,
 Showers countless blessings on our heads.
- 4 Our lives, our health, our friends, we owe,
 All, to thy vast, unbounded love ;
 Ten thousand precious gifts below,
 And hope of nobler joys above.

Heginbotham.

477. C. M.

The beginning or closing Year.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints ! and raise your eyes,
 And raise your voices high ;
 Awake, and praise that sovereign love,
 Which shows salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies ;
 Each moment brings it near ;
 Then welcome each declining day,
 Welcome each closing year !
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
 Not many mornings rise,
 Ere all its glories stand revealed
 To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course ;
 Ye mortal powers, decay ;
 Fast as ye bring the night of death,
 Ye bring eternal day.

Doddridge.

478. 7s.

The Close of the Year.

- 1 TIME by moments steals away,
First the hour and then the day ;
Small the daily loss appears,
Yet it soon amounts to years.
- 2 Thus another year is flown ;
Now it is no more our own,
If it brought or promised good,
Than the years before the flood.
- 3 But, may none of us forget,
It has left us much in debt ;
Who can tell the vast amount
Placed to every one's account !
- 4 Favors from the Lord received,
Sins that have his Spirit grieved,
Marked by an unerring hand,
In his book recorded stand.
- 5 If we see another year,
May thy blessing meet us here ;
Sun of righteousness, arise,
Warm our hearts and bless our eyes.

Olney Hymns.

479. C. M.

Reflections on the past Year.

- 1 AND now, my soul, another year
Of my short life is past ;
I cannot long continue here,
And this may be my last.
- 2 Part of my doubtful life is gone,
Not to return again ;
And fast my fleeting moments run—
The few which yet remain.

- 3 Awake, my soul ! with earnest care
 Thy true condition learn ;
 What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
 And what thy great concern ?
- 4 Now a new space of life begins,
 Set out afresh for heaven ;
 Seek pardon of thy former sins,
 Through Christ so freely given.
- 5 The soul that yields itself to God,
 And on his grace relies,
 Pursues with joy the glorious road
 That leads it to the skies.

Browne.

480. C. M.

The Seasons.

- 1 NATURE—a temple worthy Heaven,
 That beams with light and love ;
 Whose flowers so sweetly bloom below,
 Whose stars rejoice above ;
- 2 Whose altars are the mountain cliffs
 That rise along the shore ;
 Whose anthems, the sublime accord
 Of storm and ocean roar ;—
- 3 Her song of gratitude is sung
 By Spring's awakening hours ;
 Her Summer offers at the shrine
 Its earliest, loveliest flowers ;
- 4 Her Autumn brings its ripened fruits,
 In glorious luxury given ;
 While Winter's silver heights reflect
 The brightness back to heaven.

Bowring.

481. H. M.

The Seasons.

- 1 IN every opening Spring,
 O God, thy glories shine ;
 Its thousand voices sing
 Thy grace and power divine ;
 And all we see— | The buds and flowers—
 The sunny hours, | Are full of thee.
- 2 Then come, in robes of light,
 The Summer's flaming days ;
 The sun, thine image bright,
 Thy majesty displays ;
 And oft thy voice | But still our souls
 In thunder rolls ; | In thee rejoice.
- 3 In Autumn, a rich feast
 Thy common bounty gives
 To man, and bird, and beast,
 And every thing that lives.
 The morning air, | The harvest-moon,
 The radiant noon, | Thy praise declare.
- 4 In Winter, awful Thou !
 With storms around thee cast :
 The leafless forests bow
 Beneath thy northern blast.
 While tempests lower, | Our praise we bring,
 To Thee, dread King, | And own thy power.

Greenwood's Coll.

482. 7s.

Spring.

- 1 PLEASING Spring again is here ;
 Trees and fields in bloom appear :
 Hark ! the birds in artless lays
 Warble their Creator's praise.

- 2 Thus the soul in winter mourns,
Till the Lord, the sun, returns ;
Till the Spirit's gentle rain
Bids the heart revive again.
- 3 Father, may thy gracious voice
Cause my spirit to rejoice ;
For thy presence can restore
Life to what seemed dead before.
- 4 Lord, I long to be at home,
Where these changes never come ;
Where the blest no Winter fear ;
Where 'tis Spring throughout the year.
- 5 How unlike this world below !
There the flowers unwithering blow,
There no chilling blasts annoy ;
All is bloom, and love, and joy.
- Olney Hymns.

483. 8s & 7s.

Autumn Warnings.

- 1 SEE the leaves around us falling,
Dry and withered, to the ground ;
Thus to thoughtless mortals calling
In a sad and solemn sound.
- 2 'Ye, on length of days presuming,
Who the paths of pleasure tread,
See us, late in beauty blooming,
Numbered now among the dead.
- 3 Yearly in our course returning,
Messengers of transient stay,
O receive our friendly warning—
All things here must pass away.

- 4 On the tree of life eternal
Let your highest hopes be staid ;
This alone, forever vernal,
Bears the leaves which never fade.'

Horne.

484. C. M.

The Autumn Evening.

- 1 BEHOLD the western evening light !
It melts in deeper gloom ;
So calm the righteous sink away,
Descending to the tomb.
- 2 The winds breathe low—the yellow leaf
Scarce whispers from the tree !
So gently flows the parting breath,
When good men cease to be.
- 3 How beautiful, on all the hills,
The crimson light is shed !
'Tis like the peace the dying gives
To mourners round his bed.
- 4 How mildly on the wandering cloud
The sunset beam is cast !
So sweet the memory left behind,
When loved ones breathe their last.
- 5 And lo ! above the dews of night
The vesper star appears !
So faith lights up the mourner's heart,
Whose eyes are dim with tears.
- 6 Night falls, but soon the morning light
Its glories shall restore ;
And thus the eyes that sleep in death
Shall wake, to close no more.

485. C. M.

Winter.

- 1 WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.
- 2 He sends his showers of blessings down
To cheer the plains below ;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in vallies grow.
- 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.
- 5 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obey his mighty word ;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

Watts.

486. L. M.

For a charitable Occasion.

- 1 O how can they look up to heaven,
And ask for mercy there,
Who never soothed the sufferer's woe,
Nor dried the mourner's tear ?
- 2 The dread Omnipotence of heaven
We every hour defy ;
Yet still our God is merciful—
His thunders pass us by.

- 3 And Christ was still the faithful friend
Of poverty and pain ;
And never did imploring eye
Look up to him in vain.
- 4 May we with willing minds receive
Example from above ;
And learn the spirit and the power
Of never-weary love.

487. C. M.

For a charitable occasion.

- 1 Who is thy neighbor ? he whom thou
Hast power to aid or bless ;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
Thy soothing hand may press.
- 2 Thy neighbor ? 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim ;
O enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.
- 3 Thy neighbor ? he who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim ;
With words of high sustaining hope,
Go thou and comfort him.
- 4 Thy neighbor ? 'tis the weary slave,
Fettered in mind and limb ;
He hath no hope this side the grave ;
Go thou, and ransom him.
- 5 Thy neighbor ? pass no mourner by ;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery ;
Go, share thy lot with him.

488. L. M.

In Time of War.

- 1 WHILE sounds of war are heard around,
And death and ruin strew the ground,
To thee we look, to thee call,

- 2 For thou hast stamped on human kind
The image of a heavenly mind ;
And in a Father's wide embrace
Hast gathered all the kindred race.
- 3 With reverence may each hostile land
Hear and obey the high command
Of Him, who brought us from above
The law of kindness, truth, and love.
- 4 Great God, thy powerful hand can bind
The raging sea, the furious wind ;
O, bid the human tempest cease,
And hush the maddening world to peace.

Aikin.

489. L. M.

National Peace.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of the earth and skies !
A word of thy almighty breath
Can sink the world, or bid it rise ;
Thy smile is life, thy frown is death.
- 2 When angry nations rush to arms,
And rage, and fire, and tumult reign,
And war resounds its dire alarms,
And slaughter dyes the hostile plain—
- 3 Thy sovereign eye looks calmly down,
And marks their course, and bounds their
Thy law the angry nations own, [power ;
And noise and war are heard no more.
- 4 Then peace returns with balmy wings ;
Reviving commerce spreads her sails ;
The fields are green, and plenty sings
Responsive o'er the hills and vales.
- 5 Thou good, and wise, and gracious Lord,
All thy sublime decree fulfil ;
Both peace and war await thy word,
And move subservient to thy will.

Mrs. Steele.

490. L. M.

Praise for National Blessings.

- 1 GREAT God ! beneath whose piercing eye
The world's extended kingdoms lie ;
Whose favoring smile upholds them all,
Whose anger smites them and they fall ;
- 2 We bow before thy heavenly throne ;
Thy power we see, thy goodness own :
But, cherished by thy milder voice,
Our bosoms tremble and rejoice.
- 3 Thy kindness to our fathers shown
Their children's children long shall own ;
To thee with grateful hearts shall raise
Their tribute of exulting praise.
- 4 Our God, our Guardian, and our Friend !
Oh still thy sheltering arm extend ;
Preserved by thee for ages past,
For ages may thy kindness last.

491. L. M.

Roscoe.

For a National Celebration.

- 1 O THOU, whose arm of power surrounds
The vast creation's utmost bounds,
This day a nation bends the knee
In grateful reverence, Lord, to thee ;
- 2 For thou hast given it joy and rest ;
By thee its earliest years were blest ;
And in its most disastrous hour
It leaned on thy almighty power.
- 3 The martial chiefs—the patriot few [true,
Whose hands were strong, whose hearts were
The noble birth-right to be free—
Great God ! we owe them all to thee.
- 4 And now another Israel stands
Redeemed from bondage by thy hands,

May all our hearts rejoice to know
The source whence all our blessings flow.

492. P. M.

On leaving an old Place of Worship.

- 1 HERE, to the High and holy One,
Our fathers early reared
A house of prayer, a lowly one,
Yet long to them endeared
By hours of sweet communion
Held with their covenant God,
As oft, in sacred union,
His hallowed courts they trod.
- 2 Gone are the pious multitudes
That here kept holy time ;
In other courts assembled now
For worship more sublime.
Their children, we, are waiting,
In meekness, Lord, thy call ;
Thy love still celebrating,
Our hope, our trust, our all.
- 3 Though from this house, so long beloved,
We part with sadness now,
Yet here, we trust with gladness, soon
In fairer courts to bow.
With thanks for every blessing
Vouchsafed through all the past ;
With prayers thy throne addressing
For guidance to the last.

Flint.

493. L. M.

Dedication Hymn.

- 1 O bow thine ear, Eternal One,
On thee our heart adoring calls ;
To thee, the followers of thy Son
Have raised, and now devote these walls.

- 2 Here let thy holy days be kept ;
And be this place to worship given,
Like that bright spot where Jacob slept,
The house of God, the gate of heaven.
- 3 Here may thine honor dwell, and here,
As incense, let thy children's prayer,
From contrite hearts and lips sincere,
Rise on the still and holy air.
- 4 Here be thy praise devoutly sung ;
Here let thy truth beam forth to save,
As when of old, thy spirit hung
On wings of light o'er Jordan's wave.
- 5 And when the lips, that with thy name
Are vocal now, to dust shall turn,
On others may devotion's flame
Be kindled here, and purely burn.

494. L. M.

Pierpont.

For a Dedication.

- 1 OUR fathers' God ! whose eye of love
Beams bright with kindness from above,
To see and lighten every care,
To hear and answer every prayer ;
- 2 Within the temple's peaceful walls,
Thy Spirit most divinely falls ;
O may these walls forever be
Kept sacred to thy name and thee.
- 3 Here may the precepts of thy Son
Bind all divided hearts in one ;
Here may thy children meet to pray,
And praise thee to their latest day.
- 4 Here may thy presence, Lord, inspire
Thy servants' lips with living fire ;
With power to set the guilty free,
And charm their willing souls to thee.

495. C. M.

On opening a place of worship.

- 1 GREATEST of beings ! Source of good !
We bow before the throne,
Which from eternity hath stood,
And worship thee alone.
- 2 No bounds thy high perfections know ;
They fill creation wide ;
And wilt thou visit men below,
And here on earth reside ?
- 3 Here, then, in every heart be found
The dwelling of thy choice,
And here be heard, that sweetest sound,
A cheerful, thankful voice.
- 4 Here may the mind, oppressed with woes,
Whose comfort long delays,
On mercy's gentle breast repose,
And change its sighs to praise
- 5 May love, with unresisted force,
Compel her guests to come ;
Arrest the sinner in his course,
And lead the wanderer home.

Philadelphia Coll.

496. C. M.

On opening an Organ.

- 1 ALL nature's works his praise declare
To whom they all belong ;
There is a voice in every star,
In every breeze a song.
- 2 Sweet music fills the world abroad
With strains of love and power ;
The stormy sea sings praise to God—
The thunder and the shower.
- 3 To God the tribes of ocean cry,
And birds upon the wing ;

To God the powers that dwell on high
Their tuneful tribute bring.

4 Like them let man the throne surround,
With them loud chorus raise,
While instruments of loftiest sound
Assist his feeble praise.

5 Great God ! to thee we consecrate
Our voices and our skill ;
We bid the pealing organ wait
To speak alone thy will.

6 Oh, teach its rich and swelling notes
To lift our souls on high ;
And while the music round us floats,
Let earth-born passion die.

H. Ware.

497. L. M.

Ordination Hymn.

- 1 O THOU, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above !
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.
- 2 That truth be with the heart believed,
By all who seek this sacred place ;
With power proclaimed, in peace received—
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.
- 3 That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more,
Round each with all, and all with thee.
- 4 Direct and guard the youthful strength
Devoted to thy Son this day ;
And give thy word full course at length
O'er man's defects and time's decay.
- 5 Send down its angel to our side—
Send in its calm upon the breast ;

For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

Frothingham.

498. L. M.

Sickness of a Minister.

- 1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down ;
In mercy now thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's prayer.
- 2 Avert thy desolating stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock ;
Restore him sinking to the grave ;
Stretch forth thine arm, make haste to save.
- 3 But if our supplications fail ;
If earnest prayers may not prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay,
And guide him through the gloomy way.
- 4 Around him may thy angels stand,
Waiting the signal of thy hand,
To bid his happy spirit rise,
And bear him to their native skies.

Rippon's Coll.

499. S. M.

On the death of a faithful Minister.

- 1 SERVANT of God ! well done !
Rest from thy loved employ ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.
- 2 The voice at midnight came !
He started up to hear ;
The mortal arrow pierced his frame ;
He fell, but felt no fear.
- 3 Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him on the field ;
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red cross shield.

4 The pains of death are passed !
 Labor and sorrow cease ;
 And, life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.

5 Soldier of Christ ! well done !
 Praise be thy new employ ;
 And while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

Montgomery.

500. C. M.

Children offered to God.

1 SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
 With all engaging charms ;
 See how he takes the tender lambs,
 And folds them in his arms.

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
 Nor scorn their lowly name ;
 It was to bless such souls as these,
 The great Redeemer came.

3 We bring them, Lord, with thankful hearts,
 And yield them up to thee ;
 Rejoice that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.

4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear ;
 Go, seek your Father's face ;
 And bow with transport to receive
 The blessing of his grace.

Doddridge.

501. L. M.

Baptism.

1 THIS child we dedicate to thee,
 O God of grace and purity !
 Shield it from sin and threatening wrong,
 And let thy love its life prolong.

502, 503. OCCASIONAL HYMNS.

- 2 O may thy Spirit gently draw
Its willing soul to keep thy law ;
May virtue, piety and truth,
Dawn even with its dawning youth.
- 3 We too before thy gracious sight
Once shared the blest baptismal rite ;
And would renew its solemn vow,
With love, and thanks, and praises now.
- 4 Grant that with true and faithful heart
We still may act the Christian's part,
Cheered by the promise thou hast given,
And laboring for the prize in heaven.

West Boston Coll.

502. 7 s.

Sunday School Hymn.

- 1 God of glory ! God of love !
Lord of all the worlds above !
Thee we bless for daily food,
Thee we bless for every good.
- 2 More than all, we praise thee, Lord,
For the blessings of thy word ;
For the tidings Jesus brought,
For the precepts Jesus taught.
- 3 Gracious Father ! Heavenly King !
Hear us, when thy name we sing !
May our hearts and voices raise
Grateful, fervent songs of praise.

503. S. M.

For Sunday Schools.

- 1 WITHIN these walls be peace !
Love through these borders found ;
In all our little palaces
Prosperity abound.
- 2 God scorns not humble things ;
Here, though the proud despise,

The children of the King of kings
Are training for the skies.

- 3 May none, who here are taught,
From glory be cast down ;
But all, through faith and patience, brought
To wear a heavenly crown.

Montgomery.

504. L. M.

Prayer of an afflicted Church.

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe through the desert and the deep,
2 Thy church is in the desert now ;
Shine from on high and guide it through :
Turn us to thee ; thy love restore :
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.
3 Hast thou not planted with thine hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands ?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground ?
4 Return, Almighty God, return !
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn ;
Turn us to thee ; thy love restore ;
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

Watts.

505. C. M.

Nativity of Christ.

- 1 WHILE Shepherds watched their flocks by
All seated on the ground, [night,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.
2 Fear not, said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

- 3 To you in David's town this day
Is born, of David's line,
A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign :
- 4 The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid.
- 5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Arose their joyful song :
- 6 All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good will henceforth from Heaven to men
Begin and never cease.

Patrick.

506. 6s & 10s.

The Nativity.

- 1 No war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around,
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran ;
But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
- 2 The shepherds on the lawn
Before the break of dawn,
Sat silent, gazing on the starry sky ;
When, lo ! a blaze of light
Burst on their wondering sight,
With fiery radiance kindling all on high.
- 3 And music, sweet and clear,
Flowed on the listening ear,
Such as of old the sons of morning sung :

The gentle cherubim
 And shining seraphim [tongue.
 Welcomed their Prince with rapture on their

4 Oh, may the silver chime
 Sound through all coming time ;
 And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow,
 To bless the holy child,
 Who came in winter wild,
 To dwell with man in this cold world below.

5 And in the awful day
 When all shall pass away,
 His light shall start us from our wintry sleep :
 The earth shall stand aghast,
 And tremble at the blast, [the deep.
 When the last trump shall thunder through
 Milton, alt'd.

507. L. M.

Public Humiliation.

- 1 GREAT Framers of unnumbered worlds,
 And whom unnumbered worlds adore ;
 Whose goodness all thy creatures share,
 While nature trembles at thy power ;
- 2 Thine is the hand that moves the spheres,
 That wakes the wind, and lifts the sea ;
 And man, who moves, the lord of earth,
 Acts but the part assigned by thee.
- 3 While suppliant crowds implore thine aid,
 To thee we raise the humble cry ;
 Thine altar is the contrite heart,
 Thine incense, the repentant sigh.
- 4 O may our land, in this her hour,
 Confess thy hand, and bless the rod ;
 By penitence make thee her Friend,
 And find forgiveness in her God.

508. H. M.

Missionary Hymn.

- 1 RISE, Sun of glory, rise !
 And chase the shades of night,
 Which now obscure the skies,
 And hide thy sacred light ;
 O chase those dreary shades away,
 And bring the dawning of the day.
- 2 Now send thy Spirit down
 On all the nations, Lord !
 With great success to crown
 The preaching of thy word ;
 That heathen lands may own thy sway,
 And cast their idol gods away.
- 3 Then shall thy kingdom come
 To all our fallen race,
 And all the earth become
 The temple of thy grace :
 Where pure devotion shall ascend
 In songs of praise till time shall end.

Pratt's Coll.

509. L. M.

The Christian Farewell.

- 1 THY presence, ever living God !
 Wide through all nature spreads abroad !
 Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
 In every place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
 Thou dost our lives and powers sustain ;
 When separate, we rejoice to share
 Thy counsels, and thy guardian care.
- 3 To thee we now commit our ways,
 And still implore thy heavenly grace ;

DOXOLOGIES.

Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.

- 4 Give us within thy house to raise,
Again, united songs of praise ;
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us, to meet around thy throne.

Doddridge.



DOXOLOGIES.

1. C. M.

Now to the Lord of earth and heaven,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

2. C. M.

To God, your benefactor, bring
The tribute of your praise ;
Too poor for an Almighty King,
But all that man can raise.

3. L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

4. S. M.

THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is thy grace and sure thy word ;
Thy truth forever stands.
Far be thy honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

DOXOLOGIES.

5. C. P. M.

GREAT God ! to thee our all we owe,
Our peace and sweetest joys below,
Our brightest hopes above :
Then may our lives and all that's ours,
Our souls and all our active powers,
Be sacred to thy love.

6. H. M.

GLORY to God on high !
Forever bless his name :
Let earth and sea and sky
His wondrous love proclaim.
To Him be praise and glory given
By all on earth and all in heaven.

7. L. M. 6l.

O FATHER, may thy grace impart
The spirit of thy perfect love ;
And write it deeply in our hearts,
That we may all be blessed above ;
And in thy glorious image shine,
Thy people, and forever thine.

8. L. M.

PRAISE God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
To God be praise and glory given,
By all on earth and all in heaven.

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